


475/RR2/E/RT
R.2.2

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXVII.

PRIOR, VOL. III. and GRANVILLE.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love ;
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream ;
PRIOR th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.
GAY.

PRIOR shall live as long as POPE.

LLOYD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

—
VOL. III.
—

London :

Printed for Cadell and Davies ; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme ;
Nichols and Son ; J. Walker ; Wilkie and Robinson ; W. J. and
J. Richardson ; F. C. and J. Rivington ; Lackington, Allen, and
Co. ; R. H. Evans ; Cuthell and Martin ; Scatcherd and Letter-
man ; Otridge and Son ; Vernon, Hood, and Sharpe ; R. Paul-
dér ; T. Payne ; J. Nunn ; R. Lea ; J. Deighton ; J. Johnson ;
W. Clarke and Sons ; W. Lowndes ; J. Hatchard ; Black and
Perry ; J. Harding ; E. Jeffery ; J. Carpenter ; W. Miller ;
Leigh and Sotheby ; Payne and Mackinlay ; Mathews and
Leigh ; P. Wynne ; J. Booker ; and
SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

PRIOR'S POEMS.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM,

IN THREE BOOKS.

PREFACE

It is not for a man to speak of his own in any tolerable satisfaction, or success: he can be no more pleased to praise himself, than in reading a satire made of him by another: if then, he most justly desires, that his friend should praise him, yet if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it: it is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is, in the condition of a culprit; the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes; and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the

reader with a long preface before he enters upon an indifferent poem, I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, affords subjects for finer poems in every kind than have, I think, as yet, appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language : how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apothegms as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes—All is vanity.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing, or (as the painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum* which Horace prescribes

as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the Poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalie or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favorable in their censure, and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief patronage or character in the Epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us, in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprises, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses, the same poet endeavours to explain that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses, therefore, is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero, therefore, was to fight his

way to the still distinguished and perfected by the fact of the gods. The poet, in this end, takes off the faces of Achilles, and adds to the virtue of the hero, from Homer, erecting a character, which he has won in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil, in the Homeric Epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* is directly Troy town sacked, with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo; but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronsard's *Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneas. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these as the greatest Italian and French poets in the Epic. In our language Spenser has not contented himself with this subservient manner of imitation; he launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into a great road. His *Fairy Queen*, (had it been finished) must have stood in that account with every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated matter of his heroic *Geriana*. The whole would have been an epic poem, but not another epic poem, than any that had ever been written. Yet it is observable that

every hero (as far as we can judge by the Books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares, and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who, therefore, more proper for the business than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted, almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of Nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness, the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands that we ought to submit to death without repining because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the hero and the author, but he tells us very often what

other, say to him. Those chiefly introduced are, his Rabbies and Philosophers in the First book, and his Women and their Attendants in the Second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed, and likewise with the angels brought down, in the Third book, to help him out of his difficulties, and to teach him how to overcome them.

¶ *Non est tibi dignus vindice nodus* &c.

I presume that your Liberty may be justly
 and of me, from an occasion

In my composition I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation, at the time when Solomon lived; and where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology, though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has antedated two hundred years, or the Trojan hero and the Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the first parts of his *Aeneas* must have been omitted. Our countryman, Milton, goes yet further: he raises up many of his material images some thousand years after the fall of man; and others otherwise have written, or we read of, the most sublime pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection that some names of countries, terms of art, and

notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty, in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, or exactly in the same habits which they wore, or in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by many masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have showed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blamable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this, and most poems of the age are written. Herodotus with continued rhyme, as Dacier says, his contemporaries used it, carrying thus the measure verse into another, verse into verse, and so on, till it came very near to prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined to cut off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following, and, consequently, produces too frequent a identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak to convey the sentiments and to present the images proper for Epic; and as it tires the

writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats, especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did, (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine; I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others: and while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends, now living, who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit: but, once more, he that writes in rhymes dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain in the first book: I am glad to have it observed that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honor of my country; and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece; though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's

Nonne ingenuus in annis yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical precept according to the spirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid up longer than the time written; but in that mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public business in which I have been employed, my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language and even formed by a habit very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires; all these, and some other circumstances, which we had a good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. But indeed, from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my scrutoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scrutoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best; many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have turned the key from my hand by a very kind and irresistible violence; and the Poem is published not without my consent, indeed, but a little against my opinion, and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up bare the fruits

of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service: and I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige: and if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour in the beginning of my book *, these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

* The folio edition of 1718, to which is prefixed a most numerous list of honorable and celebrated names as subscribers.

KNOWLEDGE.

BOOK I.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

*TH***E words of the Preacher, the son of David,
king of Jerusalem, Eccles. chap. i. ver. 1.**

*V***anity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of
vanities; all is vanity, ver. 2.**

I **communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo! I
am come to great estate, and have gotten more
wisdom than all they that have been before me
in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great expe-
rience of wisdom and knowledge, ver. 16.**

*H***e spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in
Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth
out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and
of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes,
i. Kings, chap. iv. ver. 53.**

I **know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for
ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing
taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should
fear before him, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 14.**

*H***e hath made every thing beautiful in his time;
also he hath set the world in their heart; so
that no man can find out the work that God
maketh from the beginning to the end, Eccles.
chap. iii. ver. 11.**

*For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that
increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow, chap.
i. ver. 18.*

*And further, by the ~~my son~~, be admonished
of making many books, there is no profit: for
much study is a weariness of the flesh. chap.
xii. ver. 12.*

SOLOMON, &c.

KNOWLEDGE. BOOK I.

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνομα ἔχει, ποιοῦ δ' ἔργῳ πίλει. Eurip.

Quis hunc huius largiatur, ut ex hac vita repuerascam. et in
cuius vagiam, valeo recusem. Cic. de Senect.

The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers as divines, and it is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation. Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

The Argument.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth, proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors, blames his own curiosity; and concludes that, as to human science, **ALL IS VANITY.**

Ye sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the sermon
Whose serious Muse inspires him to exhort,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain:
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils and thro' vales of tears

Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
 Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
 That from the womb we take our fatal shares
 Of follies, passions, labors, tumults, cares; 10
 And at approach of death shall only know
 The truths which from these pensive numbers
 flow,

That we pursue false joy and suffer real woe.

Happiness! object of that waking dream
 Which we call Life; mistaking; fugitive theme 15
 Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,
 Notional good; by fancy only made,
 And by tradition nurs'd; fallacious fire,
 Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire;
 Cause of our care, and error of our mind; 20
 Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
 To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
 Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon;
 On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
 And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But, O! ere yet original man was made,
 Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
 It was opponent to our search ordain'd,
 That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd:
 'This sad experience cites me to reveal, 30
 And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's fav'rite son,
 Dear to my people on the Hebrew throne,
 Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
 My name extended to the furthest East, 35

My body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound ;
Arise, (I commun'd with myself) arise, 40
Think to be happy ; to be great be wise ;
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said, and sent my edict thro' the land ;
 Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand ; 15
 Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
 The old discoursing as the younger read ;
 Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said :

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree, 50
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss, and hyssop on the wall ;
Yet just and conscious to myself, I find 55
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beech delights the glade,
With boughs extended and a rounder shade,
Whilst tow'ring firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies ; 60
Nor why, again, the changing oak should shed
The yearly honor of his stately head,
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green :

Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade? 65
 Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
 The fig and date, why love they to remain
 In middle station, and an even plain
 While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
 And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd? 70
 Why does one climate and one soil endue
 The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
 Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the hyacinth blue. }
 Why does the fond carnation love to show
 A various color from one parent root? 75
 Which the fantastic tulip strives to break
 In two-fold beauty and a parted streak?
 The twining jasmine and the blushing rose,
 With levisb grace their morning scents disclose;
 The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare, 80
 The stronger impulse of an evening air.
 Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flow'r
 A various stature or a different power?
 Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
 Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
 Whence does it happen that the plant which well
 We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
 And with quick horror fly the neighboring hand?
 Along the sunny bank or wat'ry mead 90
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
 Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin nor care no toil,

Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95
 The cowslip smiles in brighter yellow drest,
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast;
 A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
 Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
 Take but the humblest lily of the field, 100
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shown,
 That on the regal seat great David's son,
 Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
 Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r. 105

Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire,
 How the mute race engender or respire,
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
 To that leviathan, who o'er the seas 110
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays? }
 How they in warlike bands march greatly forth,
 From freezing waters and the colder North,
 To southern climes directing their career, 115
 Their station changing with th' inverted year?
 How all with careful knowledge are indu'd, }
 To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food; }
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood? }

Of birds, how each, according to her kind, 120
 Proper materials for her nest can find,
 And build a frame which deepest thought in man
 Would or amend or imitate in vain?

How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song ? 125
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood ?
Why ev'ry land has her specific brood ?
Where the tall crane or winding swallow goes,
Fearful of gath'ring winds, and falling snows ;
If into rocks or hollow trees they creep, 130
In temporary death confu'd to sleep,
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wond'rous nature, and the various race; 135
Or wild, or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know:

Tell me, ye Studios! who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer 140
Thro' tractless paths, and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their op'ning buds dis-

How, from the thicken'd mist and setting sun 145
Finds she the labor of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to pass
Dureous, and heark'ning to the sounding brass? 150

And, O thou Staggard? tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want

By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and
fear. }

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye 160
On the young gnat, or new-engendered fly,
Or the vile worm, that yesterday began
To crawl, thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste,
they see,

They show their passions, by their acts, like thee;
Darting their stings, they previously declare 165
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war;
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial pow'r and full effect of love.

Each, then, has organs to digest his food, 170
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs, and sinews, blood, and heart and
brain. }

Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain, 175
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale or castled elephant?
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile,

Than that all differ, but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame? 180

For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye; 186

Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixt blackness or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound; [round
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows

Thus while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat,
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain, 196
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide,
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains: 200
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his
blood: }

While the strong camel and the gen'rous horse,
Restrained and aw'd by man's inferior force, 205
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;

Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's
hand, [mand.

Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his com-

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210

On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,

And flies the hated neighbourhood of man;

While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,

Likest that fox in shape and species found, 215

Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,

Pursues the noted path, and covets home.

Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,

Takes what the glutt'd child denies to eat,

And dying, licks his long-lov'd masters's feet. }

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,

In many acts 'tis hard, I own, to find.

I see in others, or I think I see,

That strict their principles and ours agree.

Evil, like us, they shun, and covet good, 225

Ablhor the poison, and receive the food:

Like us they love or hate; like us they know

To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.

With seeming thought their action they intend,

And use the means proportion'd to the end. 230

Then vainly the philosopher avers

That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.

How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,

When the effects entirely are the same?

Instinct and reason how can we divide? 235

'Tis the fool's ign'rance and the pedant's pride.

With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his
 sway,

If the brute beast refuses to obey.

For, tell me, when the empty boaster's word
 Proclaims himself the universal lord, 240

Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw

Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?

Would not the learned coward leave the chair, }

If in the schools or porches should appear }

The fierce hyæna or the foaming bear? 245 }

The combatant too late the field declines,

When now the sword is girded to his loins.

When the swift vessel flies before the wind,

Too late the sailor views the land behind :

And 'tis too late now back again to bring 250

Inquiry, rais'd and towing on the wing;

Forward she strives, averse to be withheld

From nobler objects and a larger field.

Consider with me this ethereal space:

Yielding to earth and sea the middle place, 255

Anxious I ask ye how the pensile ball

Should never strive to rise nor never fear to fall?

When I reflect how the revolving sun

Does round our globe his crooked journey run,

I doubt of many lands if they contain 260

Or herd of beast or colony of man;

If any nation pass their destin'd days

Beneath the neighb'ring sun's director rays:

If any suffer, on the polar coast,

The rage of Arctos and eternal frost. 265

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of these some secret good dispense?
 Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
 May they not gales unknown to us receive?
 See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth, 270
 And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth?
 May they not pity us condemn'd to bear
 The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere,
 While by fix'd laws and with a just return, 274
 They feel twelve hours that shade for twelve
 that burn, [flame
 And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant
 Envy, keeps them 'till seasons still the same?
 And may not those whose distant lot is cast
 North beyond Tattary's extended waste,
 Where thro' the plains of one continual day, 280
 Six summer months pursue their even way,
 And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
 Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night;
 May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
 (As annals may inform succeeding times) 285
 To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
 Their own vicissitude and equal share
 Of day and night disparted thro' the year? }
 May they not scorn our sun's repeated race, 289
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd and little space,
 Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from
 Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done? [noon,
 May they not justly to our climes upbraid
 Shortness of night and penury of shade,

That ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295
With wholesome sleep and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear,
Whilst when the solar beam, salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood and furthest lake,
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd
force ;
And when declining day forsakes their sky, 305
When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter
nigh,
With plenty for the coming season bless'd,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know ; 310
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest,
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair,
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease, 315
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet and the genial bed.
In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoint'd, 320
The rugged bear's or spotted lynx's brood
Frighten the valleys and infest the wood ;

The hungry crocodile and hissing snake
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake ;
And man untaught, and ravenous as the beast, 325
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream,
infest ;

Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth ?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man ? 330
Or grant this progeny was wafted o'er,
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore,
Would those, from whom we will suppose they
spring,

Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring ?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the she adder or the brooding snake ? 336
Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile ?

And since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race,
How should their fathers happen to forget 341
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine ?
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food, 347
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of god.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view ? 350

That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame !
Of those materials which have been confest
The pristine springs and parents of the rest, 354
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth ;
Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air :
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire : 360
That fire once more, by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd in earth's capacious womb,
Alters its particles, is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust and shining ore ;
Or running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ; 366
With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie
Obscurely sepulchred. By eating rain, 371
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill that hides his head above the skies
Shall fall, the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit hill ; 375
For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great ;
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air : 380

Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural ;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385
The pompous name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active thought these close meanders trace,
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place,
Are all things miracle, or nothing such ?
And prove we not too little or too much ? 390

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud,
Is this more strange than that the mountain's
brow, [snow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand
buds, 395

And boast returning leaves and blooming woods ?
That each successive night from op'ning heav'n
The food of angels should to man be giv'n ?
Is this more strange than that with common
bread

Our fainting bodies ev'ry day are fed ? 400
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store and multiplies its birth ?
And from the handful which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest
flows ? 405

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,

Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heav'n, 435
From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n :
Yet further west the western isle extends
Her happy fame ; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands which we imagine wave and sky ; 440
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indias and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame ; 446
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy and the force of Age ;
Rever'd and happy, she shall long remain
Of human things least changeable, least vain ;
Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply, 451
And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure sky :
Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red ;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night. [giv'n,
Ask Reason, now, whence light and shade were
And whence this great variety of Heav'n ? 460
Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky ?
Than that night rises from his-absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning red in vain, 465
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain:
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require,
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears; 470
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth our lab'ring
thought,
Let it return, with empty notions fraught
Of airy columns ev'ry moment broke, 475
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of
smoke;
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms and scaffolding of words;
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480
Lo! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
Two-fold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year:
Again when his descending orb retires, 485
And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face;
Each planet shining in his proper sphere, 491
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;

Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd ;
Each knows his course with diff'rent periods
bound,

And in his passage thro' the liquid space, 495
Nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.

Now shine these planets with substantial rays,
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?

Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have
shown) }

Dart furtive beams and glory not their own, 500
All servants to that source of light, the sun ? }

Again ; I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is
fill'd,

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build) 505

But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand that form'd them infinite.

How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best prудuct of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns, 510
In what the spirit of the world ordains !

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day,
How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n ? 515

And of those stars which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each by a native stock of honor great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,

Itself a sun, and with transmissive light 520

Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight ;

Around the circles of their ambient skies

New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,

And other stars may to those suns be earths,

Give their own elements their proper births, 525

Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,

See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll ;

Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,

Primitive founts, and origins of light,

May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere 530)

Makes, or their distance or their height appear)

Be seen a nobler or inferior star,

And in that space which we call air and sky,

Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie

Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,

And find and fix its centre here or there,

Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought

Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought. 539

Where, then, are all the radiant monsters
driv'n [heav'n?

With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd

Where will their fictitious images remain ?

In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain ?

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,

Let us for once a child of Truth confess ; 543

That these fair stars, these objects of delight }
And terror to our searching dazzled sight, }
Are worlds immensæ, unnumber'd, infinite ; }
But do these worlds display their beams, or
guide

Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride ?
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span, 551
A moment thy duration, foolish man !
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way ;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555
Was destin'd only for his walk and food ;
'The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast,
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast
'The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie ; 560
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch
his shell.

A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies ; 564
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race ?
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)
Embattl'd cherub against cherub rose, 569
Did shield to shield and pow'r to pow'r op-
pose ;
Heav'n rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with
woes.

What were these forms, of which your volumes
tell

How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God; 575
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid
fire;

While those, exalted to primæval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys, 580
In those great moments when their God employs
Their ministry to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king or the rebellious state;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand, 585
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns?
How can good angels be in heav'n continu'd,
Or view that Presence which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here? 590
He who made all, is he not ev'ry where?
Oh! how can wicked angels find a night
So dark to hide 'em from that piercing light
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of
sight?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air!
Spirits, to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,

Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen. 609

Was it not therefore to our father's known
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone ?
Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet,
Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat ?
Whence should they fear ? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage ? 606

And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might ?
How could a form its strength with matter try ?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh ? 610

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd
rays ?

How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our
ways,

By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost ?

Have they, again, (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames ? 616

How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay ?
Why, whilst we struggle, in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they more bless'd perpetual life employ,
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy ?

Now, when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found that nothing by itself was made ; 626

When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
From valleys crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with
trees.

From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630
From all the living that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;

From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Thro' the ærial or the wat'ry sky;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul, 635
That miserable master of the whole ;

From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light : 64.]

From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature
owns :

Lift we our reason to that sov'reign cause 645
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it
with laws :

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same ;
To whom a thousand years are but a day ; 649 }
Who bade the light her genial beams display, }
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way ; }
Who waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval order'd his predestin'd course.

Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command, 655
 The deep abyss, the long continu'd store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and mi-
 nutes, pour [more :
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no }
 This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
 Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast 660
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see,
 Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole, }
 May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
 And burn it like an useless parchment scroll ; }
 May from its basis in one moment pour 666
 This melted earth—
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore ;
 Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,
 Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n, be made,
 And it was so—And when he shall ordain 671
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more : of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
 This God, I would discourse— 675
 The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd :
 Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame ;
 Too plain, alas ! their silence spake their shame ;
 Till one in whom an outward mien appear'd 680
 And turn superior to the vulgar herd,

Began : That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrines I could teach :
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey,
For I in knowledge more than pow'r did sway,
And the astonish'd world in me beheld 686
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word,
Foresaw my name by future age ador'd ;
O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise ! 690
As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee—

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry ! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700
Echo'd the word : whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know :
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My Prophets and my Sophists finish'd here
Their civil efforts of the verbal war : 706
Not so my Rabbins and Logicians yield ;
Retiring, still they combat : from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art. 710

To speak one thing mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd. 716
Soon their crude notions with each other
fought;

The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We, erring, still excuse for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind. }

Vain man! since first the blushing fire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade, 725
How does the crime of thy resembling race,
With like attempt, that pristine error trace?

Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd, [hide,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride? 730 }

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd,
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd, 735
At length I Ignorance and Knowledge view'd
Impartial: both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess. 740
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes 745
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast, the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain: 751
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought increases pain. }

How narrow limits were to Wisdom giv'n?
Earth she surveys; she thence would measure
heav'n: 755

Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,
Now wanders, dazzled with too bright a day,
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe; 761
Why wilt thou, then, renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife,
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life, 765
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

PLEASURE.

BOOK II.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 1.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards, ver. 4.

I made me gardens, and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits, ver. 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees, ver. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun, ver. 11.

I gat me men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts, ver. 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven, all the days of their life, ver. 3.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me : and why was I then more wise ? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity, Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 15.

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, chap. ii. ver. 17.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour ; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor, chap. x. ver. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed ; but the name of the wicked shall rot, Prov. chap. x. ver. 7.

Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth. 20
Fish-ponds were made where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
Rivers, diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, 25
Or rose thro' figur'd stone or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars' long-extended rows, 29
On which the planted grove and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey their master's call
To gild the turret and to paint the wall ;
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne :
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honor mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning pow'r,
To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r: 40
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed and deck the regal room ;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex * is no more ;

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple color is made.

Till from the Parian isle and Libya's coast 45
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble
lost !

And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design, with vast expense achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose, 55
And restless oft' from purple couches rose ;
Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind,
Nor bound by limits nor to place confin'd ;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days, 59
Stalk'd thro' my gardens and pursu'd my ways, }
Nor shut from artful low'r nor lost in winding
maze.

Yet take thy bent, my Soul ! another sense
Indulge ; add music to magnificence :
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul. 65
Often our seers and poets have confess'd
That music's force can tame the furious beast ;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage, the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget 70
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.

Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?

Else music, sure, may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose, and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony; the lyre 75
Softened the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd) the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd:
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay; 80
Of op'ning heav'n they sung, and gladsome day:
Each ev'ning their repeated skill exprest
Scenes of repose and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought;
But how unequal the effects it brought? 85
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere nigh what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of Thought!) I found
The sickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance,
In vain; too low the mimic motions seem; 100
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.

Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand, 104
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast 110
Wild dreams succeeded and disorder'd rest;
And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source
begun?

Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120
Offence and torture to the sober ear.

Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable! the too prompt reply,

Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate, 130
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too, the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus, and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage ; 135
Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught ;
And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell-adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll. 141

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom ?—Love ?
Love yet remains ! indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire, 145
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why, therefore, hesitates my doubtful breast ?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest ?
Fly swift, my Friends ; my Servants, fly ; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy. 151
Let all my wives and concubines be drest ;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast ;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair,
The gifts of princes or the spoils of war : 155
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said ; the feast was serv'd ; the bowl was crown'd ;
To the King's pleasure went the mirthful round.

The women came : as custom wills, they past : 160
 On one (O that distinguish'd one !) I cast
 The fav'rite glance ! O ! yet my mind retains
 That fond beginning of my infant pains.
 Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race, 164
 Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face :
 Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air ;
 Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose : her hair
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
 Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd, 169 }
 And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd. }

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
 Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
 Your monarch's bliss, I said : fresh roses bring
 To strow my bed, till the improv'ish'd Spring
 Confess her want : around my am'rous head 175
 Be drooping myrrh and liquid amber shed,
 Till Arab has no more : from the soft lyre,
 Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
 Sounds of delight : and thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh,
 Thou in whose graceful form and potent eye 180
 Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found,
 And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd.
 O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the breast
 Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the east !

I said ; and sudden from the golden throne, 185
 With a submissive step, I hasted down.
 The glowing garland from my hair I took,
 Love in my heart, obedience in my look,

Prepar'd to place it on her comely head,
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said) 190
Receive the honors destin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart 195
Tore up my senses and transfix'd my heart,
When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress, }
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest; 200 }
And sullen, I forsook th' imperfect feast;
Ord'ring the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our Eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,
And bid her dress the bed and wait the hour. 205

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid,
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord; 210
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd.
Offer'd again the unaccepted wrath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Agree to all her am'rous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd, 215
And darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the wise?

This wretched body trembles in your pow'r;
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains, 220
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of sears, of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly and of reason's force: 225

That to the Tribes attentive, thou canst know
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow:
That thou in science as in pow'r art great,
And truth and honor on thy edicts wait.

Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught? 231
Where now, O Judge of Israel, does it rove?—

What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love? why, 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the color of remaining life, 235

And human mis'ry must begin or end
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.

Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a Heathen, and a slave? 240

Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void,
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
His flames and torments only are express'd,
His rage can in my smiles alone relent, 245
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
 Must from two hearts with equal vigor shoot,
 Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
 The pleasing ecstasy which each receives : 250
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows, }
 Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose, }
 And round the happy soil diffusive odor flows. }
 If angry Fate that mutual care denies, }
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies ; 255 }
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies. }

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd ;
 The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
 Thy useless strength, mistaken King, employ :
 Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
 Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway ;
 Contract thy brow, and Is'rael shall obey ;
 But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease, }
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees, 265 }
 And if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please. }

Not that those arts can here successful prove,
 For I am destin'd to another's love.
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, 270
 To my dear equal, in my native land,
 My plighted vow I gave ; I his receiv'd :
 Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd :
 The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd ;
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd 275

Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poignard stain'd :
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;
End in a dying virgin's wretched fate, 280
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate :
For long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest pow'r retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare
Hate is my part ; be thine, O King ! despair. 285

Now strike ; she said, and open'd bare her
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest, [breast ;
That David's son by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed, 290
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I thro' number'd years have pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught, 295
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heav'n ! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath,
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore, 300
And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r !

To ravish her ? that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back ? O whither, and to whom ?
To lands where Solomon must never come ? 305

To that insulting rival's happy arms
For whom, disdainng me, she keeps her charms?

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
'Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway, 310
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r;
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love! with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run, 316
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The force, while they erect the shrines of Love. 325
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store 330
Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his pow'r;
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone, which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton
ends. }

Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd, 335
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid;
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! 340
'Tir'd mayst thou pant, and hang thy flagging
wing,

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring }
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king. }

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy or to forget, 345
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd,
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd,
'Till hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief;
Time gently aided to assuage my pain, 350
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But, O! how short my interval of woe?
Our griefs how swift, our remedies how slow!
Another nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
To change the manner but renew the pain) 355
Another nymph, amongst the many fair
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste 360
To grace my presence: Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that Abraserv'd so well. 365
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye,
Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray, 370
When, tir'd with bus'ness of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands,
For so the precept of the law commands: 375
Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage and submissive dread
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
'To pour the oils; she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd 381
My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagin'ry of sorrow mean? 385
Excluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger or receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke. 391

If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care,

O! while she tells it let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne: 395
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the King's frown and terror of his eye.

Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And tho' to mention be to suffer pain,
If the King smiles whilst I my woe recite, 400
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight. }

O! witness earth beneath and heav'n above,
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear, 405
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.

Thou sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of thy disease? 410
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care, 414
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at
noon. }

For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast,
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain.

Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear, }
Till he and joy together should appear, }
And the lov'd dog declare his master near. }

On my declining neck and open breast 425

I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head at dawning day,
With softest care, have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep. 430

Or if kind Heav'n, propitious to my flame,
(For sure from Heav'n the faithful ardor came)
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title and extent of pow'r,
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd, 435
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comliest of the sons of men ;
To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
And gather honey, falling from his tongue ; 440
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Lik'ning his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that's great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams, 445
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams ;
Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair
As silver ; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red
Than eastern coral or the scarlet thread ; 450

Even his teeth ; and white like a young flock, }
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock. }
 Iv'ry with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins ;
 Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set 456
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet ;
 His stature all majestic, all divine,
 Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine ;
 Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed, 460
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
 What utter ! ! where am I ! wretched maid !
 Die Abra, die ; too plainly hast thou said
 Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race ; 465
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
 With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to
 come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 O foolish maid ! and, O unhappy tale !
 My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy, 470
 New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
 O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain. }

As time, I said, may happily efface 475
 That cruel image of the King's disgrace,
 Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
 And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.

Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care, 480 }
 Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then——

I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true, 485
 And gen'rous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I entreated her who well deserv'd;
 I call'd her often, for she always serv'd:
 Use made her person easy to my sight,
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours)
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
 The cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat:
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast: 495
 Dishonor'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
 And when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
 Raising their voices to the master-lyre, 500
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
 One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
 Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
 Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
 And better when disclos'd, as better dress'd: 505
 A bright tress round her forehead ty'd,
 To ~~infer~~ ^{infer} bounds confin'd its rising pride:

The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confest, 510
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm :
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The several follies of my former flame, 516
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ; 520
The damsel's sole ambition is to please ;
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :
She soothes, but never can enthral my mind :
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?
Great Heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is
made ! 525

How by himself insensibly betray'd !
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. 530
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way ;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind ;
Then in the flow'ry mead or verdant shade, 535
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,

We weave the chaplet and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies,
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne, 541
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
 retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded pow'r,
 How shall the human bosom rest secure? 546
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare,
 Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The diff'rent shapes thou pleasest to employ
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy? 550

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state: }
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great, }
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate. }

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our
 guide, 556
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride,
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade; 560
 To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see thro' Reason's optics right,
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:

Struck with her eye whilst we applaud her
mind,

And when we speak her great we wish her
kind. 565

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r ! thou arm'st the ~~fair~~
With flowing sorrow and dishevell'd hair:

Sad her complaint, and humble as her tale,

Her sighs explaining where her accents fail:

Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast;

We raise the sad, and succour the distress, 571

And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,

Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,

We sicken ~~soon~~ from her contagious care, 574

Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair,

And against love, too late, those bosoms arm,

Which tears can soften, and which sighs can
warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,

What shall wit meditate or force oppose?

Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid, 580

If by our pity and our pride betray'd?

External remedy shall we hope to find,

When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous
mind,

Insulting there does Reason's pow'r dabble,

And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?

My conqueror now, my lovely Ahn, held 586

My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd

With her, with her alone; in her alone

It sought its peace and joy: while she wall'rons

It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay ; 590
 Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief,
 away :
 Her absence made the night ; her presence
 brought the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed :
 For her I make the song ; the dance with her I lead :
 I court her, various, in each shape and dress 596
 That luxury may form or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree, on the plains,
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :
 The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,
 And lo ! like Barak, at her feet I bow. 601
 The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous hand,
 As she had slain the foe and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
 Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war, 605
 The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
 And from the village with the present comes :
 The youthful band depose their glitt'ring arms,
 Receive her bounties and recite her charms,
 Whilst I assume my father's step and mien, 610
 To meet, with due regard, my future queen.

If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd
 To range the woods or chase the flying hind,
 Noon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport 615
 In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
 Thy king, Jerusalem ! descends to wait

Till Abra comes. She comes! a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose 620
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use)
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare,
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight:
A silver bow she carries in her right, 625
And from the golden quiver at her side,
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride;
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves, 630
The favorite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey,
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay;
The mingled Chorus sing Diana's fame,
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim 635
Her mystic praise, the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this ev'ning with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools or the glassy floods
Her mind to-morrow points, a thousand hands 640
To-night employ'd obey the King's commands.
Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle!
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to sing its weight. 645
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Cyprian Venus known;

Tritons and sea-green naiads round her move,
 And sing in moving strains the force of love :
 Whilst, as th'approaching pageant does appear, 650
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive
 The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave. 655

O subject Reason ! O imperious Love !
 Whither yet further would my folly rove ?
 Is it enough that Abra should be great
 In the wall'd palace or the rural seat ;
 That masking habits, and a borrow'd name, 660
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame ?
 No, no : Jerusalem combin'd must see
 My open fault and regal infamy.
 Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast ;
 Abra invites ; the nation is the guest. 665
 To have the honor of each day sustain'd,
 The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd ;
 Arabia's wilds and Egypt's are explor'd ?
 The edible creation decks the board :
 Hardly the phoenix 'scapes 670
 The men their lyres the maids their voices raise.
 To sing my happiness and Abra's praise,
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
 In lying strains and ignominious verse ; 674
 While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
 Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide,

I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart and part'ner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatt'ers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort; 680
'They barter places and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to th'ir wants;
'They teach her to recede or to evade;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure, 685
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
'They gave and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
'That monarchs should their inward soul disguise, }
Dissemble and command, be false and wise:
By ignominious arts, for servile ends, 690
Should compliment their foes and shun their
friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes and of honest courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs, 694
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound:
And now, unhappy counsel, I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear, 699
Old Corah's brood and taunting Shimei's race, }
Miscreants who sturr'd their lives to David's grace,
Tho' they had spur'd his rule and curs'd him }
to his face.

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:

Her will alone could settle or revoke 705

And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care ;

I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.

I durst not reason with my wounded heart :

Abra possess'd ; she was its better part. 710

O! had I now review'd the famous cause

Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,

In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue

Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,

And real care in vain and native love, 715

In the true parents paining breast had strove,

While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child,

Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,

A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay. 720

Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain,

The widow's cries address the throne in vain.

Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,

And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.

No more the Elders throng'd around my throne,

To hear my maxims and reform their own ; 725

No more the young nobility were taught

How Moses govern'd and how David fought.

Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,

Or lost in drink and game the solid day ; 730

Porches and schools, design'd for public good,

Uncover'd and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,

Or nodding, threat'ning ruin—

Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight. 735
The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temples lie unfinish'd—

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's
fate

And future mischiefs of a sinking state. 740

Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
Whose active soul thro' ev'ry science ran?
Who by just rule and elevated skill
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whose golden sayings and immortal wit, 745
On large phylacteries expressive writ,
Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain? 749
Then was our hearing and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood, the hum'rous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame. 756
Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see
How aptly haze^d and empire might agree:
Some gloss'd how love and wisdom were at strife,
And brought my Proverbs to confront my life.
However, Friend, here's to the King! one cries,
To him who was the King, the friend replies. 762

The King, for Judah's and for wisdom's cure
 To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
 Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer, 765
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err.

Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair,
 And touch the lute and sound the wanton air,
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free as we will or to enjoy or leave. 770

Pleasures on Levy's smooth surface flow;
 Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to
 Now be this maxim to the King convey'd, [woe.
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy pow'r express, 775
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast!
 And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give, }
 And more to think be only more to grieve: }
 If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd, 780
 Forsakes his joy to vindicate his pride,
 And, changing sorrows, I am only found
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more
 strictly bound.

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
 While thou, alas! art but an empty name, 785
 To no two men, who e'er disagree'd, the same;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes and airy colors wrought;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade; 790 }
 A chain which man to fetter man has made, }
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
 I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting. 795 }
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
 Yes, thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward ;
 Yes, rebel Israel ! this unhappy maid 800
 Shall be dismiss'd ; the crowd shall be obey'd :
 The King his passion and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's but the people's slave ;
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ;
 I will, alas ! be wretched to be great, 805 }
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said, resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once so far as to expect relief
 From my despair alone——
 I chose to write the thing I durst not speak 810
 To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
 The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
 How inconsistent majesty and love.
 I always should, it said, esteem her well,
 But never see her more : it bid her feel 815
 No future pain for me ; but instant wed
 A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
 And quiet dedicate her remnant life
 To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran, 820
 To me, the cause of all her former pain,

She kneel'd, entreated, struggl'd, threaten'd,
 cry'd,
 And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd;
 Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,
 And by rude fury from my presence torn, 825
 This only object of my real care
 Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
 In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
 From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from
 the world. 829

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious Soul!
 What different sorrows did within thee roll?
 What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou
 sustain?

What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
 How oft', from pomp and state did I remove,
 To feed despair and cherish hopeless love? 835
 How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
 Her beauty's press'd, and panting in my arms?
 How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
 Where mimic Fancy might her likeness trace?
 How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne, 840
 And live in shades with her and Love alone?
 How oft', all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
 O'er flow'ry valleys and thro' crystal streams,
 And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone? 845
 When thus the gather'd

love,

In my swell'd bosom with long war had strove,

At length they broke their bounds ; at length
their force

Bore down whatever met its stronger course ;
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste, 850
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain, }
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain, }
Precipitate the furious torrent flows : 855

In vain would speed avoid or strength oppose :
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous
drown'd, }

With one great death deform the dreary ground ; }
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound. }

And now what impious ways my wishes took, 860

How they the monarch and the man forsook,

And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,

Thro' crooked paths and sad retreats of Ill ;

How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,

By turns my prostituted bed receives, 865

Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd

Impatient, lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd,

And by the instinct of capricious lust

Fajoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful or unjust ;

O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,

In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd ! 871

O, be the wanton images convey'd

To black oblivion and eternal shade !

Or let their sad epitoms alone,

And outward lines, to future age be known. 875

Enough to propagate the sure belief
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods
o'er grief.

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires, 880
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find. 885
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside,
No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the cells
Where springing Wit or young Invention dwells,
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails; 890
Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.
Laziness and Sloth degrees impair'd my vigour dies,
Thy still command no longer e'en in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway:
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey. 895
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsels' haughty pride:
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tack'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire, 900
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Educ'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.

With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
 And curling frankincense ascends to Baal. 905
 To each new harlot I new altars dress,
 And serve her god whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
 Where the high majesty of David's throne?
 Where all the maxims of eternal truth, 910
 With which the living God inform'd my youth,
 When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
 Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
 In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
 Beastly divinities, and droves of gods; 915
 Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
 And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food?
 When in the woody hills' forbidden shade
 I carv'd the marble and invoc'd its aid:
 When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal 920
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
 And set the bearded leek to which I pray'd;
 When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n,
 Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n? 925
 Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll;
 The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now one moment able to reflect, 930
 I found the King abandon'd to neglect,
 Deen without awe, and serv'd without respect. }

I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race, 935
And left his text to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
The sad examples which he ought to shun
Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing, 940
A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god,
Nations obey my word and wait my nod; 945
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign,
Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill, 950
Insult the master's tributary will,
And he from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call, 956
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her
birth,
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:
Yet this great empire of the human soul, 960
Does only with imagin'd pow'r control,

If restless passion, by rebellious sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart 965
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, 'The praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now if some flies perchance, however small, 970
Into the alabaster urn should fall,
'The odours of the sweets enclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply:
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed; 975
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more;
Of thy past errors recollect the store!
And silent weep, that while the deathless Muse 980
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name. }
Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd, 985
Much of my women and their gods asham'd,
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise,
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight; 990

Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd ;
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train, 995
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful all, and
vain.

POWER.

BOOK III.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

OR ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, Eccles. chap. xii. ver. 6.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose, chap. i. ver. 5.

The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuits, ver. 6.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again, ver. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it, chap. xii. ver. 7.

Now, when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house, 2 Chron. chap. vii. ver. 1.

*By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down ; yea,
we wept, when we remembered Zion, &c. Psal.
cxxxvii. ver. 1.*

*I said of laughter, It is mad : and of mirth, What
doth it ? Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 2.*

— *No man can find out the work that God
maketh from the beginning to the end, chap. iii.
ver. 11.*

— *Whatever God doeth, it shall be for ever ;
nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken
from it : and God doeth it, that men should fear
before him, ver. 11.*

*Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter :
fear God, and keep his commandments : for
this is the whole duty of man, chap. xii. ver
13.*

POWER.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes, in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects, more particularly, upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that ALL IS VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

Come, then, my Soul! I call thee by that name,
'Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am;
For knowing that I am I know thou art,
Since that must needs exist which can impart:
But how thou can'st be, or whence thy spring, 5
For various of thee priests and poets sing?

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some secret particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which Nature must beget, 10
As motion orders, and as atoms meet,
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct more than choice of will,
Conscious of fear or valor, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;

Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail,
'Till mingled with thy partner's latest breath
'Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heav'nly fire 20
Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay,
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame, 25
Pale it with rage, or rednen it with shame ;
'To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war ;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age, 30
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls,
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains,
And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35
Impatient to regain her native skies ?

Whatever thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Wh. h. for thy sake, from passions I divest ; 40
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life :
On the fair level of thy actions laid
As temperance wills and prudence may persuade ;

Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear, 45 }
 Guided to what may great or good appear, }
 And try if life be worth the liver's care. }

Amass'd in man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole creation has excell'd,
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
 The angel's forecast and intelligence ; 51
 Say, from these glorious seeds what harvest flows ?
 Recount our blessings, and compare our woes :
 In its true light let clearest reason see
 The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be ; 55
 Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
 'To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please, }
 Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease : }

His tender eye by too direct a ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ; 60
 His heart assaulted by invading air,
 And beating fervent to the vital war ;
 To his young sense how various forms appear,
 That strike his wonder and excite his fear ;
 By his distortions he reveals his pains ; 65
 He by his tears and by his sighs complains,
 Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
 By broken words and rudiments of speech,
 His wants in plainer characters to show,
 And paint more perfect figures of his woe, 70
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
 To babbling ign'rance and to empty fears ;
 To pass the riper period of his age,
 Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;

To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75
 To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
 To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
 And the more dang'rous love of seeming friends :
 His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
 Prone to forget the good and blame the ill ; 80
 Or, sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
 Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
 Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate : }
 Or would he rather leave this frantic scene,
 And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men, 85
 In the remotest wood and lonely grot,
 Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought, }
 Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought,
 Some intricate, as are the pathless woods,
 Impetuous some, as the descending floods : 90
 With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
 No sweet companion near with whom to mourn,
 He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
 And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus thro' what path so'er of life we rove, 95
 Rage companies our hate, and grief our love ;
 Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?
 Disturb'd and broken, like a sick man's sleep,
 Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap.
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake ; 101
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake :
 But, looking back, we see the dreadful train }
 Of woes a-new, which were we to sustain, }
 We should refuse to tread the path again : () }

Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evil still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their pow'r,
Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd, 110
Hoary with cares and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn: }
'Thus thro' the round of age to childhood we }
return :

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain, 121
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood;
The noisome pest'ence, that in open war 125
Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that, by night,
Cuts the dark mist, and, fatal, wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the show'r,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour; 131
The worm that gnaws the rip'ning fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust, hurtful to infect

The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 135

Pass we the slow disease and subtle pain
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
'The cruel stone, with congregated war
'Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impule and continu'd strife 140
Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay, and age,
Herself the sorest ill, while death and ease,
Oft' and in vain invok'd, or to appease 145
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vext patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heav'n, draws near
'To the cold shaking paralytic hand 150
Senseless of Beauty's touch or Love's command,
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
'The dictates of its feeble master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song or well-repeated tale, 155
When the quick spirits the warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore, 160
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lux'd sinews of the weaken'd eye,
In wat'ry damps or dim suffusion lie.

Day follows night; the clouds return again
 After the falling of the latter rain, 165
 But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful vicissitude; he still must mourn
 The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light
 Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where Age's wretched victim lies; 170
 See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
 Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves; }
 To broken sleeps his remnant sense he gives, }
 And only by his pains awaking, finds he lives. }

Loos'd by devouring Time the silver cord 175
 Dissever'd lies; unhonor'd from the board
 The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
 And apter utensils their place supply.
 These things and thou must share one equal lot;
 Die, and be lost, corrupt and be forgot; 180
 While still another and another race
 Shall now supply and now give up the place.
 From earth all came, to earth must all return,
 Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress, 185
 And view the man with health and vigour blest.
 Home he returns with the declining sun,
 His destin'd task of labor hardly done;
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 Again his travail for his bread to pay, 190 }
 And find the ill sufficient to the day. }
 Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun
 A widow'd daughter or a dying son;

His neighbour's off'spring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase: 195
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant or his buried friend.
In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd, 200
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstru'd laws;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great; 205
The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
Which, nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-
claim.

Esteem we these, my Friends! event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms, form their flutt'ring dance?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210
From destin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat;
Spring they, I say, from accident or fate?
Yet such, we find, they are as can control
The servile actions of our wav'ring soul; 215
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal snare! in which the lab'ring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to
find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220
From years of pain one moment of release;

Hoping, at least, she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man who now, at last, 225
 Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry past,
 Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
 The tedious load and laid his burden down;
 Whom the cut brass or wounded marble shows
 Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes: 230
 He happier yet who, privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death:

But, O! beyond description happiest he, 235
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
 Who with bless'd freedom, from the gen'ral
 doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks
 must mourn; 240

And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.

• Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher hear;
 • Are not these general maxims too severe?
 • 'Say, cannot pow'r secure its owner's bliss?
 • And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
 • Are victors bless'd with fame & kings with
 ease?' 246

I tell thee, life is but one common care,
 And man was born to suffer and to fear.

‘ But is no rank, no station, no degree,
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?’ 250
None, Mortal ! none : yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain :
But hence, ye Wordly, and Profane, retire,
For I adapt my voice and raise my lyre
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv’d : 255
Ye still must covet life and be deceiv’d ;
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality,
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave ; 260
To those who may survive ye to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death ;
A fancy’d kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building live.
False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly, 265
The dome shall moulder and the volume die.
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it
strange
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station and primeval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their
name ? 270
Reduce the song ; our hopes, our joys are
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain. [vain ;
What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort
bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?
What is a king ? a man condemn’d to bear 275

The public burden of the nation's care ;
 Now crown'd, some angry faction to appease,
 Now falls a victim to the people's ease ;
 From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth
 Nourish'd in flattery and estrang'd from truth :
 At home surrounded by a servile crowd 281
 Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;
 Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
 His very state acknowledging his fears ;
 Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
 His secret terror of a thousand foes : 286
 In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
 To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
 Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow,
 Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :
 'The captive generals to his carr are ty'd,
 'The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide
 Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295 }
 What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and
 noise,

One great collection of the people's voice.
 The wretches he brings back, in chains relate
 What may to-morrow be the victor's fate :
 The spoils and trophies borne before him show
 National loss and epidemic woe, 301 }
 Various distress, which he and his may know. }
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
 'The heroes, once the glory of the plain,

Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the soldiers' blood and widows' tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded carr!
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour, 311

And full fruition of successful pow'r,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315

And pop'lar change, obscur'd, amid the dust
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or shrill life repel
The inward cries of Care? can Nature's voice,
Plaintive, be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise,
Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the air, 321
Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the
iv'ry chair?

Yon' crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful
crowd,

Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the vanquish'd go,
Should she depress my arms and raise the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace or the crowded gate,
With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass a-new to his renown. 330

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,

May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !
'Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees, 336
Would one, alas ! repeat me good or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile carr,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war, 340
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor to own he was my friend ?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise ?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?
To know with more distinction to complain, 345
And have superior sense in feeling pain ?

Let us revolve, that roll with strictest eye
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie,
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
'Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain. 350

Adam, great type, for whom the world was
made,

The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife ; an air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein, to his command
Render'd obedient : say, my pensive muse, 355
What did these golden promises produce ?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd :
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd,
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue, 359
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.

Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 Inclin'd to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow;
 His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress,
 Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest:
 Still viewing with regret his darling live, 365
 He for her follies and his own must grieve.
 Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice,
 His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
 Of Heav'n when first it thunder'd, oft' his view,
 Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew, 370
 And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God,
 His younger son on the polluted ground,
 First fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Giv'n by a brother's hand; his eldest birth 375
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth;
 Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
 Becomes nor man nor angel to inquire.

Each age sinn'd on, and guilt advanc'd with
 time;

The son still added to the father's crime: 380
 Till God arose, and great in anger, said,
 Lo! it repenteth me that man was made.
 Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye
 Skies!

And from your deep abyss, ye Waters, rise! 384
 'The frightened angels heard th' Almighty
 Lord,
 And o'er the earth, from wrathful viola, pour'd
 Tempests and storm, obedient to his word.

Meantime his Providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save:
Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch stood,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the
flood. 391

The winds fall silent and the waves decrease;
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal. 395
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary
coast?

While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found
'Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from
nations drown'd; 405

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
'The seed whence empires must receive their
birth,

One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,
And mark'd with curses fatal to his race. 409

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load,
By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;

Must deal just Portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife; 415
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander and in wilds to groan;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood, 420
 Destroy his heir or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld
 The Deity, in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light? 424 }
 While present, too severe for human sight, }
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night: }
 The following days, and months, and years.
 decreed

To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed:
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage,
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age: 430
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state than he to save,
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the Godhead wrote the prophet broke.
 His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce be-
 liev'd, 435

In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd,
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,
 Forbid to tread the Promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
 A scene of danger and a state of war. 440

Alarm'd, expos'd his childhood must engage
 The bear's rough gripe and foaming lion's rage.
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
 Goliath's lifted sword and Saul's emitted spear.
 Forlorn he must, and persecuted, fly, 445 }
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
 And often ask, and be refus'd to die. }

For ever from his manly toils are known
 The weight of pow'r and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's
 woes,

When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
 When ev'ry object his offence revil'd, 452 }
 The husband murder'd and the wife defil'd,
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying
 child? }

What heart can think the grief which he sus-
 tain'd, [the land,
 When the King's crime brought vengeance on
 And the inexorable prophet's voice [choice?
 Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his
 He dy'd, and oh! may no reflexion shed

Its pois'nous venom on the royal dead; 460
 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive breast;
 Dying, he added to my weight of care;
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
 Left his unfinished murder to his son, 465
 And Joab's blood guttail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will;
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
 But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look; 470
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws,
 But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace; 474
 Could follow him where'er he stray'd from }
 And cite his sad example, whilst I trod [good,
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood. }
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
 Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue:
 In vain for life he to the altar fled;
 Ambition and Revenge have certain speed.
 Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he should have
 fell,

But that my int'rest did my rage conceal. 485
 Doubling my crime, I promise and deceive,
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain;
 With a mean life curs'd vengeance I sustain,
 Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r, 490
 Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,
 In solemn state to parricide I rise,
 And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse 495

Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :
The deed was acted by the subject's hand,
The sword was pointed by the King's command :
Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone ; 500
Years of contrition must the crime atone ;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art, 505
Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought ;
From growing childhood to declining age, 510
How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat 515
In the still shades of death ; for dread, and pain,
And grief, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frightened Reason ! what is death ?
Blood only stopp'd and interrupted breath ?
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520
And end of motion, which with life began ?
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost, 524
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost,

So vanishes our state, so pass our days,
So life but opens now, and now decays;
The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die. 529

Cure of the miser's wish and coward's fear,
Death only shows us what we knew was near.
With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his pow'r,
Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal Man ! for thou wast born. 535

Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,
To such advice the reas'ner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continued space,
Ev'ry successive day's repeated race, 539
Since 'Time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb, I was
(At least I think so) nothing ; must I pass
Again to nothing when this vital breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ? 545
Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return
To the cold marble or contracted urn ?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual be ? 549

But sever'd, must they join the general mass, }
Thro' other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass, }
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ? }
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain
That life shall never wake that sense again ?

And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save 555
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of
the grave ?

Each ev'ning I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run ;
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour and renews his pow'rs ; 560
Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.

I mark the various fury of the winds,
These neither seasons guide nor order binds ;
They now dilate, and now contract their force ;
Various their speed, but endless is their course. .
From his first fountain and beginning, ouse 567
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows :
Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace the same,
Still other waves supply the rising urns, 571
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?

A flower, that does with op'ning morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ; 576
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly ;
A meteor shooting from the summer sky ; 580
A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd ;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;

A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream,
Are emblems which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course ; but, O my Soul, so fast 585
Must life run off, and death for ever last !

'This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd,
Else whence this hope and terror of the mind ?
Does something still and somewhere, yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain ? 590
Say shall our relics second birth receive ?

Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead, 595
The spirit only from the body fled,
'The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd ;
'The soul, immortal substance, to remain
Conscious of joy and capable of pain ? 600

And if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat,
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete ?
And while the buried man we idly mourn, 605
Do angels joy to see his better half return ?
But if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murd'rous rapine and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driv'n
From the ethereal seat and blissful heav'n, 610
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy that she cannot die ?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand ;
On either side our thoughts incessant turn, 615
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn,
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the
past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason stagg'ring and my hopes oppress, 620
Once more I said, once more I will inquire
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This flutt'ring motion which we call the Mind,
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
Have we the pow'r to guide her as we please?
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain;
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest, 630
Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will,
Dashes our rising hope with certain ill,
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destin'd which we fancy free.

That Pow'r superior, then, which rules our
mind, 635
Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid where reason fails,
Throw loads of incense in to turn the scales, 640

But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
They move (alas !) and live, and are no more,
Omniscient master, omnipresent king, 671
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds and bid the tempests cease,
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts ; 676

From storms of rage and dang'rous rocks of
pride,

Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide
Impetuous of this life ; let thy command 680
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will that I should know,
Glimpse of delight or pause from anxious woe, 685
From now, from instant now, great Sire ! dispel
The clouds that press my soul ; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light ; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise, 690
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise :
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new hereafter and a future state,
Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care. 695
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rins of thy ways to man,

With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r,
Still weeping hope, and wond'ring, still adore :
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd, 700
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome ;
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread. 705
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum or the Sabæan rose, 710
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews :
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear, 715
With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear :
And, lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
My wond'ring soul ? an opening cloud reveals
An heav'nly form, embody'd and array'd 719
With robes of light. I heard ; the angel said :
Cease, Man, of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continu'd grief.
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind ;
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow ; 723
Be us'd to sorrow and inur'd to woe.

By weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil and legacies of care, 730
Send the successive ills thro' ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son
'That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd or he is crown'd, 736
'To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind !)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love : 740
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd :
Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son :
Shall see the wreaths his grandsire knew to reap
By active toil and military sweat, 746
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honors from his giddy head :
By arms or pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic horror and intestine rage, 750
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear :
Shall cast his weary limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brothers' arms disturb'd, and stain'd with
kindred blood. [race,

Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd
Charg'd with ill omens, sully'd with disgrace : 756

Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
 Thro' scenes of war, and epochas of woe:
 The empire lessen'd in a parted stream
 Shall lose its course, 760

Indulge thy tears; the Heathen shall blas-
 pheme,
 Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
 And men shall from her ruins know her fame. }

New Egypt yet, and second bonds remain,
 A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765
 Again, obedient to a dire command,
 Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land;
 Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
 Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of
 Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient
 sky,
 Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie 771.
 Low, levell'd with the dust, their heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
 For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
 Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775.
 Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
 Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land:
 The tyrant shall demand you' sacred load
 Of gold and vessels set apart to God,
 Then by vile hands to common uses debas'd, 780
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken
 feast,
 With sacrilegious taunt and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete ;
 Empires by various turns shall rise and set,
 While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785
 A diff'rent master and a change of woe ;
 With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,
 Shall dread the future or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
 Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run, 790
 Their harps upon the neigh'ring willows hung,
 No joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
 Nor cheerful dance their feet ; with toll oppress,
 Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
 In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795
 Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive head, and in her languid face
 The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
 While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace. }
 With irksome anguish than your priests shall
 mourn 800

Their long neglected feasts, despair'd return,
 And sad oblivion of their solemn days :
 Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By day your frightened seers
 Shall call for fountains to express their tears, 805
 And wish their eyes were floods : by night, from
 dreams [dames,
 Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging
 Starting appar'd, shall to the people show
 Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystic types of
 war.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require 810
That they should breathe the song and touch
the lyre,

Shall say, Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Unmus'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play (they shall discourse) how
sing

In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king? 815

We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Outcast of mortal race) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay? 820

Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe;
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn the tyrant and the scourge return: 825
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same. }

Alas! with wild amazement we require
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's sire? 830
Madness, we fancy, gave the ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter and to frantic Mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not nor reply, (eye; }
View not what Heav'n ordains with reason's }
Too bright the object is, the distance is too high. }

The man who would resolve, the work of Fate,
 May limit number and make crooked straight.
 Stop thy inquiry, then, and curb thy sense, 840
 Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain:
 Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil; 844 }
 What derogates from his command is ill, }
 And that alone is good which centres in his will. }

Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,
 Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
 From him who neither can deceive nor err. 850
 The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
 Shall from her sad captivity return:
 Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
 And in her courts the law again be read:
 Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855
 And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies:
 The promis'd seat of empire shall again
 Cover the mountain and command the plain;
 And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring
 Greater in act than victor, more than king; 860
 In dignity and pow'r shall sit down from Heav'n
 To succour earth. To him, to him 'tis giv'n
 Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy:
 Thro' him soft peace and plenitude of joy
 Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow;
 No more may man inquire nor angel know. 866

Now Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
 Act through thy remnant life the decent part:
 Go forth; be strong; with patience and with care
 Perform and suffer; to thyself severe, 870
 Gracious to others, thy desires suppress,
 Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men be best.
 Thy sum of duty let two words contain,
 O may they graven in thy heart remain!
 Be humble and be just. The angel said; 875
 With upward speed his agile wings he spread,
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
 By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:
 Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate! 881
 Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
 Enthron'd in light and immortality,
 Whom no man fully sees, still none can see!
 Original of Being! Pow'r divine! 888
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;
 Benign Creator! let thy spirit's hand
 Dispose its own effect; let thy command
 Restore, great Father! thy instructed son,
 And in my act may thy great will be done. 890

ALMA :
OR
THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.
IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόπῃς, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν
 Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γυγνόμενα.

Incert. ap Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where,
 From story is not mighty clear :
 Of many knotty points they spoke,
 And *pro* and *con* by turns they took :
 Rats half the manuscript have ate, 5
 Dire hunger ! which we still regret ;
 O ! may they ne'er again digest,
 The horrors of so sad a feast :
 Yet less our grief, ~~in~~ what remains,
 Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains. 10
 Shall be to future times convey'd :
 It thus begins :

• • • • Here Matthew said,
 Alma in verse, in prose, the mind,
 By Aristotle's pen defin'd, 15
 Throughout the body squat or tall,
 Is ~~some~~ *the* all in all :

And yet slap dash is all again
In ev'ry sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost, 20
While ev'ry where she rules the roost.

This System, Richard ! we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold :
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With due dissent to comply.

They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his goods together,
"Tis three blue bongs in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strangely maintain,
Sits cock-horned on her throne, the brain,
And from that seat all thought dispenses
~~To~~ To the senses.

Two opticians, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles across the eyes, \$5

By which the spirits bring her word
 Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stir'd;
 How quick at park and play they strike;
 The duke they court; the ~~best~~ they like;
 And at St. James's turn their grace
 From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids to be more curious,
Her pow'r, they held, had been precarious;
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When cabbage stinks or roses smell? 50

Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to grow. 55

And as thro' these orifices
Bring up a sample of the
Like footmen run
To tell the inn what law

By nerves about our
She likewise judges of the
Else (dismal thought!)
Migh drink thick Port for
And our ill-judging wives:
Mistake small-beer for citron-waters.

Hence, too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear,
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' alarms which they beat.

Last to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to do) in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes' and fingers' ends,

And these, in gratitude, again,
Return their spirits to the brain,
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)

Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place. 79

Thus while the judge gives diff'rent journeys
To country counsel and attorneys,

He on the bench in quiet sits,

Deciding as they bring the writs.

The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome, &
And very seldom stirs from home, 85

Yet under these lovely spices,

And they advise,

His Majesty's dominions.

opinions.

Myrtle, 99

fight,

Wanda's friends confess

more to less:

THE ONLY WAY, while you sustain

To hold her station in the brain, 95

You grant, at least, she is extended,

⁴ Ergo, the whole dispute is ended :

For till to-morrow should you plead

From form and structure of the head,

The mind, as visibly is seen, 100

Extended thro' the whole machinery

Why should all honor then be ta'en

From lower parts to load the train,

When other limbs we plainly see

Each in his way as brisk as he! 105

For music, grant the head receiver \$1,

It is the artist's hand that gives it:

And tho' the scull may wear the laurel,
 The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
 Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes, 110
 Are not his parts but his allies :
 E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim,
 Comes *ab origins* from them.

What could the head perform alone,
 If all their friendly aids were gone ? 115
 A foolish figure he must make,
 Do nothing else but sleep and sigh.

Nor matters it that you will show
 How to the head the spirits flow
 These spirits started from some goal, 120
 Before they thro' the veil could roll ;
 Now we should hold them worth to blame,
 If they went back before they came.

If, therefore, as we must suppose,
 They came from fingers and from toes, 125
 Or toes or fingers in this case,
 Of mumsull's self should take the place,
 Disputing fair you grant this much,
 That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water, 130
 Their correspondent teeth will chatter ;
 And strike the bottom of your feet,
 You set your head into a heat.
 The bulky bent and happy lever,
 Confess that feeling lies all over. 135

Note here, Lacroix dares to teach
 (As all our youth may learn from Creech)

That eyes were made but could not view,
 Nor hands embrace nor feet pursue,
 But heedless Nature did produce 140
 The members first, and then the use :
 What each must act was yet unknown,
 Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A man first builds a country seat,
 Then finds the walls not good to eat. 145
 Another plants and wond'ring sees
 Nor books nor medals on his trees.
 Yet poet and philosopher
 Was he who durst such whims aver.
 Blest, for his sake, be human reason, 150
 That came at all, tho' late in season.

But no man e'er s'or left his house,
 And saddled Bili, with thoughts so wild
 To bring a midwife to his spouse
 Before he knew she was with child : 155
 And no man ever reapt his corn,
 Or from the oven drew his bread,
 Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
 That taught them both to sow and knead.
 Before they're ask'd can maids refuse ? 160
 Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Mace,
 While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
 She hobbles in alternate verse.

Verse ! Matt. reply'd : is that my care ?
 Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair. 165

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
 But express'd the salesman's trade ;

As if she hap'ly had sat down
And cut our clothes for all the town,
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street, 170
To try what persons they would fit;
But ev'ry free and licens'd tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex? 175
His clothes as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire or a whale.

No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape before he takes your measure:
For real Kate he made the bodice, 180
And not for an ideal goddess.
No error near his shopboard lurk'd;
He knew the folks for whom he work'd:
Still to their size he aim'd his skill,
Else pr'ythee who would pay his bill? 185

Next, Dick! if chance herself should vary,
Observe how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, Friend, place your shoes,
Your spectacles upon your eyes,
Then you and Memmins shall agree 190
How nicely ~~you~~ ^{you} would walk or see.

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less. 195
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rivals' hurts create our fame.

At Faubert's, if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize,
 To prove who gave the fairest butt, 200
 John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.

So for the honor of your book,
 It tells where other folks mistook,
 And as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get further ground. 205

The commentators on old Ari-
 Stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought,
 Just as the melancholic eye 210

Sees fleets and armies in the sky,
 And to the poor apprentice' ear
 The bells sound Whittington Lord May'r.
 The conj'rer thus explains his scheme ;
 Thus spirits walk and prophets dream, 215
 North Britons thus have second sight,
 And Germans free from gun-shot fight.

Theodoret and Origen,
 And fifty other learned men,
 Attest that if their comments find 220
 The traces of their master's mind,
 Alma can neither decay nor die ;
 This satly th' other sect deny.

Simplicius, Theophrast, Democrit,
 Great names but hard in verse to stand ; 225
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The tenets of their master's book,

And hold that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and, seiz'd by death. 229

Now which were wise? and which were fools?

Poor Alma sits between two stools;

The more she reads the more perplex'd,

The comment ruining the text:

Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:

But, Richard! let her look to that 235

Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These diff'rent systems, old or new,

A man with half an eye may see

Were only form'd to disagree.

Now to bring things to fair conclusion, 240

And save much Christian ink's effusion,

I let me propose an healing scheme,

And sail along the middle stream;

For, Dick! if we could reconcile

Old Aristotle with Gassendus, 245

How many would admire our toil,

And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here, Richard! let my scheme commence:

Oh! may my words be lost in sense,

While pleas'd Thalia dotes to right 250

The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple system shall suppose

That Alma enters at the toes;

That then she mounts, by just degrees,

Up to the ankles, legs, and knees: 255

Next as the sap of life does rise,

She lends her vigor to the thighs;

And all these under regions past,
 She nestles somewhere near the waist;
 Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter, 230
 As we shall show at large hereafter:
 Mature, if not improv'd by time,
 Up to the heart she loves to climb;
 From thence compell'd by craft and age,
 She makes the head her latest stage. 235

‘ From the feet upward to the head—
 ‘ Pithy, and short,’ says Dick, ‘ proceed.’

Dick ! this is not an idle notion ;
 Observe the progress of the motion :
 First I demonstratively prove, 240
 That feet were only made to move,
 And legs desire to come and go,
 For they have nothing else to do.

Hence long before the child can crawl,
 He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl, 245
 To hinder which, your midwife knows
 To bind those parts extremely close,
 Lest Alma, newly squar'd in,
 And stunn'd at her own christ'ning's din,
 Fearful of future grief and pain, 250
 Should silently sneak out again.

Fall piteous seems young Alma's case,
 As in a luckless gambler's place,
 She would not play, yet must not pass. }

* Again, as she grows something stronger. 255
 And master's feet are swath'd no longer.

If in the night too oft' he kicks,
 Or shows his loco-motive tricks,
 These fist assaults fat Kate repays him,
 When half-asleep she overlays him. 290

Now mark, dear Richard! from the age
 That children tread this worldly stage,
 Lroomstaff or poker they bestride,
 And round the parlour love to ride,
 Till thoughtful father's pious care 295
 Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
 With supplemental hobby-horses,
 And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still;
 Their legs, you see, direct their will; 300
 From op'ning morn till setting sun
 Around the fields and woods they run;
 They frisk, and dance, and leap and play,
 Nor heed what Friend or Snake can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies, 305
 And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
 With sympathetic pow'r she warms
 Their good allies and friends, the arms;
 While Betty dances on the green,
 And Susan is at stoolball seen; 310
 While John for ninepins does declare,
 And Roger loves to pitch the bar,
 Both legs and arms spontaneous move,
 Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes: 315
 O, need I name the seat she takes?

His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
'The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly; 320
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves:
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires and raging pains.
The nymph, too, longs to be alone, 325
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one:
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And seeth and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each ev'ning in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love; 330
So to their priest their case they tell;
He ties the knot, and all goes well.

But, O my Muse! just distance keep,
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months' time the bodice loose, 335
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd,
And that young life and quick'ning sense
Spring from his influence darted thence: 340
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat, 345
Here strok'd his chin and cock'd his hat,

Then clapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet Sir! would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him. 350
Love's advocates, Dick! who are those?
'The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prosemen alone, for private ends, 355
I thought forsook their ancient friends,
In sor stillavit, cries Lucretius,
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
'The self-same thing soft Ovid says,
(A proper judge in such a case.) 360
Horace his phrase is *torret jecur*,
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil, too, has plac'd this passion;
What signifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic plain the case is, 365
That Love holds one of these two places.
Dick! without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
First, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please. 370
Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent, 375
And take things otherwise than meant.

Thus, if you dine with my Lord-May'r,
Roast beef and ven'son is your fare,
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard: 380
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel,
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours, 385
But only smells the peel and flow'rs;
And he must be an idle dreamer
Who leaves the pie and gnaws the s'treamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oft'ner none;
For who conceives what bards devise, 395
That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

Your Horace owns he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit; 400
And where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lacretius keeps a mighty pother 405
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;

Calls her great Queen of earth and air,
 Declares that winds and seas obey her,
 And, while her honour he rehearſes,
 Implores her to inſpire his verſes. 410

Yet, free from this poetic madness,
 Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
 That ſhe, and all her fellow gods,
 Sit idling in their high abodes,
 Regardless of this world below, 415
 Our health or hanging, weal or woe,
 Nor once diſturb their heav'nly ſpirits
 With Scapin's cheats or Cæſar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
 Where lies the real ſeat of love. 420
Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
 As either beſt ſupplies their verſe;
 And if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
 Say one was long, and th' other ſhort.
 Thus I preſume the Britiſh muſe 425
 May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.

In proſe our property is greater;
 Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?
 If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,
 We make him wound the lover's heart; 430
 But if he takes his bow and quiver,
 'Tis ſure he muſt tranſfix the liver:
 For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe,
 And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.

But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe, 435
 What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe,

Anatomists can make it clear,
The liver minds his own affair,
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices, 440
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide,
Else we should want both gibe and satire,
And all be burst with pure good-nature;
Now gall is bitter with a witness, 445
And love is all delight and sweetness:
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same;
And he, methinks, is no great scholar
Who can mistake desire for choler. 450
The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those whose hearts are loose and low,
Start if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is, 455
For soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches:
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high, 460
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corsets beat,
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart 465
That courage does itself exert,

'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire and foll debate? 470
Must people only take delight in
Those hours when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
'These notions, then, I think but idle, 475
And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover;
Tho' he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage, 480
He grows dispirited and low,
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tailboy, wept,
Nor would return to war and slaughter, 485
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair he gave the world. 490
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd;
Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice and Warwick's care
Design'd him Callia's beauteous heir,
Chang'd peace and pow'r for rage and wars, 495
Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's Fourth Henry we may see
 A servant to the fair d'Estree ;
 When quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
 And fortune taught at length to yield, 500
 He from his guards and midnight tent,
 Disguis'd o'er hills and valleys went,
 To wan'on with the sprightly dame,
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.
 Bold is the critic who dares prove 505
 These heroes were no friends love ;
 The bolder he who dares aver
 That they were enemies to war :
 Yet when their thought should, now or never,
 Have rais'd their heart or fir'd their liver, 510
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone
 Which love more justly calls his own.
 Examples I could cite you more,
 But he contented with these four ;
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen, 515
 Four are as valid as four dozen.
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
 The other two grew nearer home :
 For some in ancient books delight,
 Others prefer what moderns write ; 520
 Now I should be extremely loath
 Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road,
 And leave our subject in the middle,
 As Fidler and his bear and fiddle?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew,
 5 When to retreat and where pursue:
 His noble negligences teach
 What others' toils despair to reach,
 He perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
 And balances your fear and hope:
 10 If at some distinguish'd leap,
 He drops his pole and seems to slip,
 Straight gath'ring all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length:
 15 With wonder you approve his sleight,
 And owe your pleasure to your fright:
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False mimic of my master's dance;
 Around the cord a while I sprawl,
 20 And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall,
 My preface tells you I digress'd:
 He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
 I like, quoth Dick, your smile,
 And, in return, take two from me.
 25 As masters in the *chère-obscure*
 With various light your eyes allure,
 A flaming yellow here they spread,
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red;

Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd: 30
 Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
 And things are best as most contrary;
 'The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining, 35
 Looks charming with a slighter lining,
 The *out-*, if Indian figure stain,
 'The *in-side* must be rich and plain:
 So you, great authors, have thought fit
 To make digression temper wit: 40
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm 'em with a milder air:
 To break their points, you turn their force,
 And furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard ! quoth Matt, these words of thine 45
 Speak something sly and something fine,
 But I shall e'en resume my theme,
 However thou mayst praise or blame.
 ¶ As people hurry now and settle,
 Fierce love abates his usual mettle; 50
 Worldly desires and household cares
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
 So now, as health or temper changes,
 In larger compass Alma ranges:
 This day below, the next above, 55
 As light or solid whimsies move.
 So merchant has his house in Town,
 And country seat near Roasted Down;

From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors ; 60
In th' other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid :
For story and experience tell us 65
That man grows cold and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure ;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r :
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home. 70

Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below ;
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares 75
For well-bred feints and future wars.

The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure : 80
The woman finds it all a trick
That he could swoon when she was sick,
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-eyed Sallies for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years, 85
With feign'd desires and real fears,
And tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,

Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station. 90
Politis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
I think was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy, while Politis sate 95
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife.—
With ease I could compose this strife: 100
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope? 105
She may as well from him elope.
Again, How can her old good man
With honor take her back again?
From hence I logically gather
The woman cannot live with either. 110
Now I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives;
One to Atrides I will send,
And th' other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have 115
What both so warmly seem to crave;
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Politis live and die in peace.

Dick ! if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope; who told it me. 120

Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary)
Some limbs she finds the very same
In place, and dignity, and name ;
These dwell at such convenient distance, 125

That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs, or dances, begs,
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first. 130

Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right ;
For whilst one hand exalts the blow, 135

And on the earth extends the foe,
Th' other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny 140

To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir ! whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede, 145
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

Op'ning again, he lays his claim
 To half the profit, half the fame,
 And helps to pocket up the game.
 'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
 To give his partner fairer play. 150

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
 Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
 In concert act, like modern friends,
 Because one serves the other's ends. 155
 The arm thus waits upon the heart,
 So quick to take the bully's part,
 That one, tho' warm, decides more slow,
 Than th' other executes the blow:
 A stander-by may chance to have it, 160
 Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go
 A-strolling for their friends below;
 For long before the 'squire and dame
 Have tête-à-tête reliev'd their flame 165
 Ere visits yet are brought about,
 The eye by sympathy looks out,
 Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
 And if he sees is sure to greet her,
 Tho' at sash-window, on the stairs, 170
 At court, nay, (authors say) at pray'rs—

The fun'ral of some valiant knight
 May give this thing its proper light.
 View his two gunpowders; their declare
 That both his hands were us'd to war; 175

And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
 His feet were equally concern'd :
 But have you not with thought beheld
 The sword hang dangling o'er the shield ?
 Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to,
 Had an ally right arm to trust to ; 181
 And by the peep-holes in his crest,
 Is it not virtually confess'd
 That there his eye took distant aim,
 And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
 In whose delight his hope was center'd,
 And for whose glove his life he was prepar'd ?

Objections to my gen'ral System
 May rise, perhaps, and I have many an enemy ;
 But I can call to my assistance
 Proximity (mark that !) and distance ;
 Can prove that all things, on occasion,
 Love union, and desire adhesion ;
 That Alma merely is a scale,
 And motives, like the weights, prevail ; 195
 If neither side turn down or up,
 With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
 The balance always would hang ev'n,
 Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard ! is a curious case : 200
 Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
 Upon two distant pots of clay,
 Not knowing which was mild or steele ;
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice ; 205

Which best or worst you could not think,
 And die you must for want of drink,
 Unless some chance inclines your sight,
 Setting one pot in fairer light;
 Then you prefer or A or B, 210
 At libes and angles best agree;
 Your sense resolv'd impels your will;
 She guides your hand to drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Bearing two equal panniers sway'd? 215
 One hangs useless lie and idle,
 The other extra in the middle;
 And this is your unactive state,
 A victim of some casual weight,
 One side of you is 'em clatter, 220
 The other side is left hand matter.

Now, Richard? this coercive force,
 Without your choice must take its course.
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the north, 225
 And thou and I, by pow'r unseen,
 Are barely passive and suck'd in
 To Hecate's vaults or Celia's chamber,
 As straw and paper are by amber.
 If we set down to play or set 230
 (Suppose at Ombre or Bassot)
 Let people call us cheats or fools,
 Our cards and we are equal tools.
 We stay in this the cards condemn;
 Ourselves both out and shuffled them; 235

In vain on fortune's aid rely ;

She only is a stander-by.

Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they

Do some impulsive force obey,

And are but play'd with—do not play. 240 }

But space and matter we should blame ;

They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus to save further contradiction

Against what you may think but fiction,

I for attraction, Dick ! declare,

Deny it those bold men that dare.

As well your motion as your thought

Is all by hidden impulse wrought ;

E'en saying that you think or walk,

How like a country squire you talk ?

Mark then ;—Where fancy or desire

Collects the beams of vital fire,

Into that limb fair Alma slides,

And there, *pro tempore*, resides ;

She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,

When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly song ;

When Pedro does the late command,

She guides the cunning artist's hand ;

Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,

When the vile glutton dies alone ;

And void of modesty and thought,

She follows Bibe's endless draught.

Thro' the soft sex again she ranges,

As youth, expense, or fashion, challenges :

Fair Alma, careless and serene, 265
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,
 While they diffuse their infant beams,
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.

Again, fair Alma sits confest
 On Florimel's experter breast, 270
 When she the rising sigh constrains,
 And by concealing speaks her pains.

In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
 When the vain thing her jewels shows ;
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275

Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
 And when the swelling hoop sustains,
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
 Into that lower space to enter,
 Of the large round herself the centre. 280

Again ; that single limb or feature
 (Such is the cogent force of Nature)
 Which most did Alma's passion move,
 In the first object of her love,
 For ever will be found confest, 285
 And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth ;
 But well I woe thy cruel wrong
 Adorns a nobler poet's song : 290
 Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill his woe'd
 A effluen web, and ne'er shall fade
 Its opium ; gently has he laid

The mantle o'er thy sad distress, 235
And Venus shall the texture bless.

He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide, 300
And softly drawing back the veil,
The gods shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious fear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the poet, blest the lays, 305
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack runs from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole, 310
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,
Old John hallooos his hounds again;
By his fire-side he starts the hare:
And turns her in his wicker chair,
His feet, however lame, you find, 315
Has got the better of his mind.

If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg,
Old Maudie bewitch'd, at sixty-one
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan, 320
In public mask or private hall,
From Lincoln's-Inn to Goldsmith's-Hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges:

In vain her children urge her stay, 325
 And age or palsy bar the way :
 But if those images prevail,
 Which whilom did affect the tale,
 She still reviews the ancient scene,
 Forgets the forty years between : 330
 Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her headknot cherry,
 O'erheated with ideal rage,
 She cheats her son to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young, 335
 Slipt up too soon into his tongue,
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still :
 On any point if you dispute,
 Depend upon it he'll confute : 340
 Change sides, and you increase your pain ;
 For he'll confute you back again :
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
 Yet all the while be in the wrong ;
 And 'tis remarkable that they 345
 Talk most who have the least to say.
 Your dainty speakers have the curse
 To plead bad, causes down to worse :
 As dames who native beauty want,
 Still uglier look the more they paint. 350

Again ; if in the female sex
 Alma should on this member fix,
 (A cruel and a deep-rate case,
 Whence which Heav'n's shield my lovely last ?)

For evermore all care is vain, 355
That would bring Alma down again.

As in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet; 360

So if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher pow'rs,
Severe tho' just, afflict our life
With that prime ill a talking wife,
Till death shall bring the kind relief, 365
We must be patient or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick !
Who saw me when I last was sick ;
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs : 370

Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able, 375

She drowns the world, and builds up Babel ;
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descent on gen'ral Nature ;
This is a system not a satire. 380

Turn we this globe, and let us see
How diff'rent nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick ! perhaps, in what we think.

In water as you smell and taste 385

The soils thro' which it rose and past,

In Alma's manners you may read

The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling-bands

Releas'd their infants' feet and hands : 390

Here Alma to these limbs was brought,

And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,

Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :

There Alma settled in the tongue, 395

And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighb'ring lands

The different use of mouth and hands :

As men repos'd their various hopes,

In battles these, and those in tropes. 400

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,

The ladies trip in petticoats,

Which for the honor of their nation,

They quit but on some great occasion.

Men there in breeches clad you view ; 405

They claim that garment as their due.

In Turkey the reverse appears ;

Long coats the haughty husband wears,

And greets his wife with angry speeches,

If she be seen without her breeches. 410

In our fantastic climes the fair,

With cleanly powder dry their hair,

And round their lovely breast and head

Spanish flow'rs their mingled odors shed :

Your nicer Hottentots think meet 415
 With guts and tripe to deck their feet;
 With downcast looks on Totta's legs
 The ogling youth most humbly begs
 She would not from his hopes remove
 At once his breakfast and his love; 420
 And if the skittish nymph should fly,
 He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
 To see our women's teeth look white;
 And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow, 425
 Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
 In China none hold women sweet
 Except their smaggs are black as jet:
 King Chihu put nine queens to death,
 Convict on statute, iv'ry teeth. 430

At Tonquin if a prince should die,
 (As Jesuits write who never lie)
 The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
 Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best,
 Prepare and light his fun'ral fire, 435
 And cheerful on the pile expire.
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find
 In each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the furthest east,
 And there observe the gentry drest. 440
 Prince Giolo and his royal sisters,
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters,
 The marks remaining on the skin,
 To tell the quality within:

Distinguish'd slashes deck the great, 445
 As each excels in birth or state;
 His oylet-holes are more and ampler;
 The king's own body was a sampler.
 Happy the climate where the beau
 Wears the same suit for use and show; 450
 And at a small expence your wife,
 If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
 Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
 Before you see, you smell your toast, 455
 And sweetest, she who stinks the most.
 The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
 How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
 Their gloves only are not greasy. 460

I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding;
 Begin we in our children's reading.
 To Master John the English maid
 A horn-book gives of gingerbread,
 And that the child may learn the better, 465
 As he can name he eats the letter;
 Proceeding thus with vast-splight,
 He spells and gnaws from left to right.
 But show a Hebrew's hopeful son
 Where we suppose the book began, 470
 The child would thank you for your kindness,
 And read quite backward from our *finis*:
 Reverse the learning ne'er so fast,
 Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter 475
 Is in the manners of a daughter.
 In Europe if a harmless maid,
 By Nature and by Love betray'd,
 Should ere a wife become a nurse,
 Her friends would look on her the worse. 480
 In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
 (Look in his index for Pagelli)
 Soon as the British ships unmoor,
 And jolly longboat rows to shore,
 Down come the nobles of the land, 485
 Each brings his daughter in his hand,
 Beseeching the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care :
 The tender mother stands affrighted,
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted, 490
 And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick ! compels
 The lady that in Europe dwells :
 After her tea she slips away, 495
 And what to do we need not say.
 Now see how great Pomonque's queen
 Behav'd herself amongst the men ;
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul,
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl, 500
 And sprinkled in the captain's face
 The marks of her peculiar grace—

To close this point we need not roam
 For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain? 505
A little rising rocky chain.

Of men born south or north o' the hill,
These seldom move, these ne'er stand still.

Dick ! you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneva. 510

If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.

Choose then good Pope at home to stay,
Nor westward, curious, take thy way ;
Thy way, unhappy, shouldst thou take 515

From Tiber's bank to Lemman-lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young saring painted whore :
Thy sex is lost ; thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome but Babylon. 520

That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, Friend, insist on this,
Since in the very Cantons Swiss
All your philosophers agree, 525
And prove it plain that one may be
A heretic or true believer,
On this or th' other side a river.

Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proof comes mighty full and thick. 530

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Contin'd : Richard lost your eye
By night upon a winter-sky ;

Cast it by day-light on the strand 535
 Which compasses fair Albion's land;
 If you can count the stars that glow
 Above, or sands that lie below,
 Into these common-places look,
 Which from great authors I have took, 540
 And count the proofs I have collected,
 To have my writings well protected:
 These I lay by for time of need,
 And thou mayst at thy leisure read:
 For standing ev'ry critic's rage, 545
 I safely will to future age
 My System, as a gift, bequeath,
 Victorious over spite and death.

 CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
 Rous'd nor would longer silence keep;
 And sense like this, in vocal breath
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
 Now if this phrase too harsh he thought, 5
 Pope! tell the world 'tis not my fault.
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
 Say things at first because they're pleasing, 10
 Then prove what they have once asserted,
 Nor care to have their lies detected,

Quoth Matthew; Friends-as far as I,
Thou' Art or Nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach and th' other learn.

No fool Pythagoras was thought ;
 Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
 He made his list'ning scholars stand, 45
 Their mouth still cover'd with their hand ;
 Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
 Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
 Might have refus'd to let his ears
 Attend the music of the spheres, 50
 Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
 And introduc'd the use of beams.
 From great Lucretius take his void,
 And all the world is quite destroy'd.
 Deny Descart his subtle matter, 55
 You leave him neither fire nor water.
 How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
 If you, in answer to his book,
 Say in the front of your discourse,
 That things have no elastic force ? 60
 How could our chymic friends give
 To find the philosophic stone,
 If you more pow'rful reasons bring
 To prove that there is no such thing ?
 Your chiefs in sciences and arts 65
 Have great contempt of Alma's past
 They said she giddy is or dull ;
 She doubts if things are void or full ;
 And who should be presum'd to tell
 What she herself should see or feel ? 70
 She doubts if two and two make four,
 Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.

It can't—it may be—and it must ;
 'To which of these must Alma trust ?
 Nay, further yet they make her go, 75
 In doubting if she doubts or no.
 Can syllogism set things right ?
 No; majors soon with minors fight ;
 Or, both in friendly concert join'd,
 The consequence limps false behind. 80
 So to some cunning man she goes,
 And asks of him how much she knows ;
 With patience grave he hears her speak,
 And from his short notes gives her back
 What from her tale he comprehended ; 85
 Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
 From the account the lover brings,
 The conj'ror knows who stole the things.
 'Squire ! (interrupted Dick) since when
 Were you amongst these cunning men ? 90
 Dear Dick I quoth Matt, let not thy force
 Of eloquence spoil my discourse :
 I tell thee this is Alma's case.
 Still asking what some wise man says,
 Who does his mind in words reveal, 95
 Which all must grant, tho' few can spell.
 You tell your doctor that ye're ill,
 And what does he but write a bill ?
 Of which you need not read one letter ;
 The worse the cure, the does the better : 100
 For if you know but what you take,
 Tho' you know he must hurt.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects.
Substance or accident divides 105
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause,
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go : 110
For as in senates so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
With panting haste and quick surprise, 115
From ev'ry leaf that stirs she flies,
Till mingled with the neighb'ring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd,
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue if they dare lead ; 120
As their example still prevails,
She 'tempts the stream or leaps the pales.

He, then, quoth Dick, who by your rule,
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool ;
As party-man who leaves the rest, 125
Is call'd but whimsical at best.
Now, by your favor, Master Matt !
Like Ralpho, here I swell a sot.
I must be listed in your sect,
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect. 130
Right, Richard ! Matt in triumph cry'd,
So put off all mistrust and pride ;

And while my principles I beg,
 Pray answer only with your leg.
 Believe what friendly I advise; 135
 Be first secure, and then be wise.
 The man within the coach that sits,
 And to another's skill submits,
 Is safer much (whate'r arrives)
 And warmer too, than he that drives. 140

So Dick, adept, tack back thy hair,
 And I will pour into thy ear
 Remarks which none did e'er disclose
 In smooth-pac'd verse or hobbling prose.
 Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply, 145
 And thou mayest prove as wise as I.

When Alma saw in diff'rent ages
 Has finish'd her ascending stages,
 Into the head at length she gets,
 And there in public grandeur sits, 150 }
 To judge of things, and censure wits.
 Here, Richard ! how could I explain
 The various lub'ricants of the brain ?
 Surprise my readers whilst I tell 'em
 Of cerebrum and cerebellum ? 155

How could I play the commentator
 On *dura* and *on pia mater* ?
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get,
 And with incessant toil and strife, 160
 Would keep *gunning* during life ?
 I could demonstrate ev'ry pore,
 Where Mem'ry lays up all her store,

And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination. 165
O Friend ! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells,
Which always is at work, and framing 170
The sev'ral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry ; 175
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour ;
Each—Whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick ! I know thy brain.
O with the mighty theme affected, 180
Could I but see thy head dissected !
My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim ?
Spare that and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of System,
Wise men propose, but fools assist them. 185
Says Matthew : Richard ! keep thy head,
And hold thy peace, and I'll proceed.
Proceed ? quoth Dick : Sir, I aver
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong, 190
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.

Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive, 195
And for your friendship live and die
A papist in philosophy ?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye 200
Her seat of empire is the belly ;
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise :
The strength of ev'ry other member
Is founded on your belly-timber : 205
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food ;
And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught :
Your stomach makes your fabric roll, 210
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might enjoy
The strength design'd to ruin Troy,
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread ; 215
But by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet ;
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
Now give my argument fair play, 220
And take the thing the other way.
The youngster who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,

From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke; 225
 He pays due visits after noon,
 To Cousin Alice and Uncle John;
 At ten, from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day:
 But give him port and potent sack, 230
 From milksop he starts up Mohack;
 Holds that the happy know no hours;
 So thro' the street at midnight scow'rs;
 Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking sashes, 235
 Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.
 Observe the various operations 240
 Of food and drink in sev'ral nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of watergruel?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse? 245
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
 And if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and Beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and coffee cause this work 250
 Between the German and the Turk;
 And both as they provisions want,
 Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
~~One~~ the same death in dif'rent words. 255
 To push this argument no farther,
 To starve a man in law's murder.

As in a watch's fine machine
 Tho' many artful springs are seen,
 The added movements, which declare 260
 How full the moon, how old the year,
 Derive the secondary pow'r

From that which simply points the hour:
 For tho' those gimcracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
 However more reduc'd and plain, 265

'The watch would still a watch remain;
 But if the horal orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still or breaks to pieces;
 Is now no longer what it was, 270

And you may e'en go sell the case.
 So if, unprejudic'd, you scan
 The goings of this clockwork, man,
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head; 275

But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
 That tells his being what's o'clock.
 If you take off his rhet'ric trigger,
 He talks no more in mood and figure;
 Or clog his mathematic wheel, 280
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still:
 Or, lastly, break his politic weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.

Yet if these finer whims were gone,
 Your clock, tho' plain, would still go on; 285
 But spoil the engine of digestion,
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no pow'r can mend;
 The jest, alas! is at an end;
 Soon ceases all this worldly bustle, 290
 And you consign the corpse to Russel.

Now make your Alma come or go,
 From leg to hand, from top to toe,
 Your System without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition. 295
 So Harlequin extoll'd his horse
 Fit for the war, or road, or course:
 His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
 His foot was sure as ever trod;
 One fault he had, a fault indeed; 300
 And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick! from these instances and fetches
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
 Quoth Matt, to me thou seem'st to mean
 That Alma is a mere machine: 305
 That telling others what's o'clock,
 She knows not what herself has struck,
 But leaves to standers-by the trial
 Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold; a blow, good Friend! quoth Dick,
 And rais'd his voice exceeding quick. 310
 Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
 Don't you infer. In argument,

Similies are like songs in love :

They much describe, they nothing prove. 315

 Matt, who was here a little gravell'd,
Toss'd up his nose, and would have cavill'd ;
But calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :

 Where mind ('tis for the author's fame) 320

That Matthew call'd and Hermes came.

In danger heroes, and in doubt,
Poets find gods to help 'em out.

 Friend Richard ! I begin to see
That you and I shall scarce agree. 325

Observe how oddly you behave ;
The more I grant the more you crave
But Comrade ! as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.

We System-makers can sustain 330

The thesis which you grant was plain,
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy :

But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ; 335

And when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not we deny ;

True to our own o'erbearing pride, 340
And false to all the world beside.

 That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was !

Because he walk'd against his will,
 He fac'd men down that he stood still. 345
 And he who reading on the heart
 (When all his *quodlibets* of art
 Could not expound its pulse and heat)
 Swore he had never felt it beat.
 Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus, 350
 Makes bold (Jove bless him !) to assure us,
 That all things which our mind can view,
 May be at once both false and true.
 And Malbranche has an odd conceit
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate : 355
 Says he, So little can our mind
 Of matter or of spirit find,
 That we by guess, at least, may gather
 Something which may be both or neither.
 (Faith, Dick, I must confess 'tis true 360
 But this is only *entre nous*)
 That many knotty points there are
 Which all discuss but few can clear ;
 As Nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-ends to cross-hits wit : 365
 Circles to square, and cubes to double,
 Would give a man excessive trouble :
 The longitude uncertain seems,
 In spite of Wh—n and his bombs.
 What System, Dick ! has right averr'd 370
 The cause why women has no beard ?
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black ?

- In points like this we must agree,
 Our barber knows as much as we : 375
 Yet still unable to explain,
 We must persist the best we can ;
 With care our System still renew,
 And prove things likely, tho' not true.
- I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute, 380
 By dint of logic strike thee mute ;
 With learned skill now push now parry,
 From Daril to Bocardo vary,
 And never yield, or what is worst,
 Never conclude the point discours'd : 385
 Yet that you *hic et nunc* may know
 How much you to my candour owe,
 I'll from the disputant desist,
 To show thee I assume the friend :
 I'll take thy notion for my own— 390
 (So most philosophers have done)
 It makes my system more complete :
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate ?
 Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear Friend,
 But bring thy matters to an end. 395
- I find, quoth Matt, reproof is vain ;
 Who first offend will first complain.
 Thou wishest I should make to shore,
 Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
 What I have told thee fifty times 400
 In prose, receive for once in rhyme.
 A huge fat man in country-fair
 Or city church, (no matter where)

Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud, 405
Lord save us ! why do people press !
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd : Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can :
Or cease to push or to exclaim ; 410
You make the very crowd you blame.

Says Dick, Your moral does not need
The least return, so e'en proceed :
Your tale howe'er apply'd was short :
So far at least I thank you for't. 415

Matt took his thanks, and in a tone
More majesterial thus went on.

Now Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung or said :
And here begins this farce of life ; 420
Enter Revenge, Ambition, strife ;
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Hays's dance.
L'Avare not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more ; 425
Strikes not the present tun for fear
The vintage should be had next year,
And eats to-day with inward-sorrow,
And dread of fusty'd want to-morrow.
Ahread if the sartest you wear 430
Repels the rigour of the air,
Would you be warmer if at home
You had the fabric and the loom ?

And if two boots keep out the weather,
Why need you have two hides of leather? 433
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut

Whence ev'ry string at first was cut?
When Rarus shows you his Cartone, 440
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost, 445
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet, 450
And perfect all his Roman set?

'Tis found: and, O, his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak;
He now begins upon the Greek. 455
These rang'd and chew'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.

My copper lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought,
Yet wisely melted down my plate, 460
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Greg'ry make a paper kite, 465
And simple odes, too many, show ye
My servile complaisance to Cloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed! 469
Quoth Dick; such truths are worth receiving.
Yet Dick still look'd as not believing.

Now, Alma! to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes,
Nor think to-night of thy ill nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature, 475
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting.
Thy pride of being great and wise,
I do but mention to despise:
I view with anger and disdain 480
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
E'en a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time, 485
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Tho' flown it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought
To ease the pain of onward thought:
Happy result of human wit! 490
That Alma may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act, and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.

With endless pain this man pursues
 What if he gain'd he could not use; 425
 And th' other fondly hopes to see
 What never was nor e'er shall be.
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,
 In gesture grave, in action fools :
 We join hypocrisy to pride, 500
 Doubting the faults we strive to hide.
 Or grant that with extreme surprise
 We find ourselves at sixty wise,
 And twenty pretty things we know,
 Of which we can't accomplish one, 505
 Whilst, as my System says, the Mind
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd ;
 Should I, my friend, at large repeat
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
 The head-roll of her vicious tricks, 510
 My poem would be too prolix :
 For could I my remarks sustain,
 Like Socrates or Miles Montaigne,
 Who in these times would read my books,
 But Tom o'Niles, or John o'Nokes ? 515
 As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
 After long thought and grave advice,
 Into Lordella's coffin peeping,
 Saw naught to cause their mirth or weeping :
 So Alma now to joy or grief 520
 Superior, finds her late relief ;
 Wary'd of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state,

Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that, 525
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which nature forc'd by time must make,
 Thro' which she wings her destin'd way;
 Upward she soars and down drops clay;
 While some surviving friend supplies 530
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard ! till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would Fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us playthings for our age ; 535
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
 And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
 Would she in friendship, peace and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty,
 And should we both, in this condition, 540
 Have conquer'd love and worst ambition ;
 (Ease these two passions by the way,
 May chance to show us scurvy play)
 Then, Richard, then should we set down,
 Far from the tumult of this Town ; 545
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books, complete ;
 Or should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'ershaded in that fir'ite walk
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted, 550
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted ;

Yet then, e'en then, one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove and my collection:
 Thy son and his e'er that may die,
 And time some uncouth heir supply, 555
 Who shall for nothing else be known,
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.
 Who set the twigs, shall he remember
 That is in haste to fell the timber?
 And what shall of thy woods remain, 560
 Except the box that threw the main?

Nay, may not time and death remove
 The near relations whom I love?
 And my Cox Tom, or his Cox Mary,
 (Who hold the plough or skim the dairy) 565
 My fav'rite books and picture sell
 To Smart, or Dolly, by the ell?
 Kindly throw in a little figure,
 And set their price upon the bigger?
 Those that could never read their grammar, 570
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
 May think books best as richest bound:
 My copper medals by the pound
 May be with learned justice weigh'd;
 To turn the balance, Othe's head 575
 May be throw'd in: and, for the mettle,
 The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——

Tir'd with these thoughts—less tir'd than I,
 Quoth Dick, with your philosophy——

That people live and die, I knew 580

An hour ago as well as you;

And if Fate spins us longer years,

Or is in haste to take the shears,

I know we must both fortunes try,

And bear our evils wet or dry. 586

Yet let the goddess smile or frown,

Bread we shall eat or white or brown,

And in a cottage or a court,

Drink fine Champagne or muddled Port.

What need of books these truths to tell, 590

Which folks perceive who cannot spell?

And must we spectacles apply

To view what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,

To make me merrier than I am, 595

I'll be all night at your devotion——

Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;

But if you would depress my thought,

Your System is not worth a groat——

For Plato's fancies what care I? 600

I hope you would not have me die,

Like simple Cato in the play,

For any thing that he can say?

E'en let him of Ideas speak

To Heathens in his native Greek: 605

If to be mad is to be wise,

I do most heartily despise

Whatever Socrates has said,

Or Tully writ, or Wamley read.

Dear Drift* † to set our matters right, 610
Remove these papers from my sight ;
Burn Matt's Descart and Aristotle,
Here, Jonathan ! your master's bottle.

Adrian Drift, Esq. Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

A POEM.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

Be it right or wrong, these men among
On woman do complayne ;
Affirminge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vaine,
To love them wele ; for never a dele 5
They love a man againe :
For lete a man do what he can,
Ther favour to attayne ;
Yet yf a new do them pursue,
Ther first trew lover than 10
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banishyd man.
I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde
That woman's fayth is as who saythe, 15
All utterly decayed.
But nevertheless right good witness
I' this case might be layde,
That they love trew, and continue,
Record the Nut-brown Mayde ; 20
Which from her love (when her to prove
He came to make his moode)

- Wold not depart, for in her herte
 She lavyd but him alone.
 Than betweene us lettens discusse, 25
 What was all the maner
 Between them too : we wyl also
 Telle all the peyne and fere
 That she was in. Now I begynne,
 So that ye me answere. 30
 Wherefore all ye that present be
 I pray ye give an care.
 MAN. I am the knyght, I come by nyght
 As secret as I can,
 Saying, alas ! thus standeth the case, 35
 I am a banishyd man.
 WOM. And I your wylle for to fulfyll
 In this wyl not refuse,
 Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,
 That men have an ill use, 40
 (To ther own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse :
 Therefore to you I answere now,
 Alle women to excuse.
 Myn own herte dare, with you what chere, 45
 I pray you telle anon ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.
 MAN. It standeth so : a dede is do,
 Wherefore moche harme shall growe ; 50
 My destiny is fur to day
 A shameful deth I trowe ;

Or ellis to flee: the one must be,
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe, as an outlawe, 55
 And take me to my bowe.

Wherefore adew, my owne herte trewe,
 None other red I can ;
 I'or I must to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man. 60

WOM. O Lord ! what is this worldis blysse,
 That chaungeth as the mone ?
 My somer's day, in lusty May,
 Is derked before the none.
 There you saye farwell: nay, nay, 65
 We departe not soo sone.

Why say ye so ? wheder wyl ye goe ?
 Alas ! what have ye done ?
 Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
 Shoulde chaunge yf ye were gone ; 70
 I'or in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. I can believe it shall you grieve,
 And shewwhat you distrayne,
 But afterwarde your paynes haunde, 75
 Within a day or tweyne,
 Shal come as lake, and ye shal take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why should ye nought ? for to make thought
 Your labor were in vayne, 80
 And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As hertely as I can ;

For I muste to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Now sythe that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde, 86

I shal be plaine to you againe,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde.

Sythe it is so that ye wyl goe,
I wol not leve behynde : 90

Shal never be sayd the Nut-brown Mayde
Was to her love unkynde.

Make you redy, for so am I,
Altho' it were anone ;

For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 95
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyl think and sey ;

Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde
That he be gone away : 100

Your wanton wylls far to fulfyllie,
In grene wode you to play ;

And that ye myght from your delyte
Nee longer make delay.

Rather than ye shuld thus for me 105
Be called an ylle woman,

Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Tho' it be souge of old and yonge
That I shuld be to blame, 110

There be the charge that equale so large
In hurting of my name :

For I wyll prove that feythful love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your distress and hevyness 115
 To parte wyth you the same,
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,
 Trewe lovers are they none;
 But in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone. 120

MAN. I counsel you, remember how
 It is soo mayden's lawe
 Nothing to daught, but to reame out
 To wode with an outflawe :
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125
 A bowe redy to drawe ;
 And as a theef, thus must ye lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you gret harme myght growe ;
 Yet I had lever than 130
 That I had to the grene wode goo,
 Alone, a benichyd man.

WOM. I think not any ; but as ye saye,
 It is soo mayden's love ;
 But love may make me for your sake, 135
 As I have said before,
 To cam on fote to hunte and chote,
 To get us mate in stowe :
 For so that I your company
 May have, I ask noe more ; 140
 From which to parte, it maketh myn harte

As colde as ony stone ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. For an outlawe, this is the lawe, 143
 That men hym take and binde,
 Wythout pytee, hanged to bee,
 And waver with the wynde.
 Yf I had ncede, as God forbode,
 What resons coude ye finde? 150
 For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe
 Shuld drawe far, fare bekynde.
 And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle
 Were in your counail than :
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe, 155
 Alone, a banishyd man,

wom. Full well knowe ye that women be
 But feyl for to fyght :
 Noo womanhede it is in dede,
 To bee bold as a knyght : 160
 Yet in each fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day and nyght,
 I woulde withstande wyth bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght;
 And you to save, as women have 165
 From dothe many a one ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Yet take gude heed & for ever I darde
 That ye coude not obtaine. 170

The thorney weyes, the deep vales,
 The snowe, the frost, the reyn ;
 The cold, the hets, for drye, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playn,
 And us above noon other rofe, 175
 But a brake, bush, or twayne,
 Which sone shulde greve you, I beleve ;
 And ye wolde gladly than,
 That I had to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man. 180

WOM. Sythe I have here been partynare
 With you of joy and blyss,
 I must also parte of your woo
 Endure, as reson is :
 Yet I am sure of one plesure, 185
 And, shortly, it is this,
 That where ye bee, mee sermeth, par-dy
 I could not fare anyw.
 Without more speche I you beseeche
 That we were soon a-gone ; 190
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consyder,
 When ye have lust to dync,
 Ther shal no mete be for to gube, 195
 Nor drink, here, ale, or wine ;
 Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of thred and twyne,
 Neen other house but levye and bowen,

To kever your hand and myn. 200

O myn herte swete, this ylle spot
Shuld make you pale and wan ;
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Among the wyldre dars, such an archier
As men say that ye bee, 206

We may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grette plenty :
And watir cleere of the ryver
Shal be full swete to me, 210

With whiche in bele, I shal right wel
Endure, as ye shall see,
And er we goe, a bed or two
I can provide anone ;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 215
I love but you alone.

MAN. Loo ! yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyl go with me :
As cate your here up by your ere,
Your curtel by the knee : 220

Wyth bowe in honde, for to wythstande
Your charge yf neede be :
And this same nyght, before day-light,
To wode-ward wyl I see.
And yf ye wylle al this fulfille, 125
Do it shortly as ye can :
Eke wyl I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

wom. I shall as now do more for you
 Than longeth ~~to~~ womanhede ; 230
 To short my here, a bow to here,
 To shote in tyme of nede.

O my sweet moder, before al other,
 For you have I most drede ;
 But now adew, I must ensue, 235
 Where fortune dath me lede.

All this make ye, and lete us flee,
 The day run fast upon ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone. 240

MAN. Nay, nay, not so ; ye shal not gee,
 And I shal telle ye why ;
 Your appetyte is to be light
 Of love, I wile oospie ;

For right as ye have sayde to me 245
 In lykewise hardely
 Ye wolde answer, whosoever
 In way of company.

It is sayd of olde, Some hate, some colde,
 And so is a woman ; 250
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl gee,
 Alone a banishyd man.

wom. Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
 Such wordis to say ~~bes~~ me ;
 For ofte ye preyd, and long assayd, 255
 Er I you lovid, yett ~~sayd~~ ;
 And though that I of aunstry

A baron's daughter bee,
 Yet have you proved how I you loved,
 A squyer of low degree ; 260
 And ever shal, what so befall,
 To deye therefore anone ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankinde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. A baron's childe to be begyled, 265
 It were a cursed dede :
 To be felawe with an outlawe,
 Almighty God forfode !
 Yt better were the pore squyer
 Alone to forrest spede, 270
 Than ye shal saye another daye,
 That by that wycked dede
 Ye were betrayed. Wherefore good mayde,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grane wode goe, 275
 Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Whatsoever befall, I never shal
 Of this thing you upbraide ;
 But yf ye go and leue me so,
 Then have ye me betrayed. 280
 Remember ye wel how that ye dele ;
 For yf ye, as ye myde,
 Be an unkynde to leue behynde.
 Your love, the Hut-brown Mayde,
 Trust me truly, that I shal deye 285
 Some after ye be gone :

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf that ye went ye shulde repent ;
For in the forest now 290

I have purveid me of a mayde,
Whom I love more than you.

Another fayrer then e'er ye were,
I dare it well avowe ;

And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe 295
Wyth other, as I trowe,

It were myn ese to live in pese,
So wyl I yf I can ;

Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a banishyd man. 300

WOM. Tho' in the wode I understode
Ye had a paramour,

All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your :

And she shall fynde me soft and kynde, 305
And curteis every hour,

Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
Commande me to my pow'r.

For had ye loo and hundred moo,
Yet wolde I be that one ; 310

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Myne owne dere love, I see the grove,
That ye be kynde and true ;

Of mayde and wyfe, in al my lyfe, 315
PRIOR. VOL. III. B

The best that ever I knewe.
 Be merrey and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruth, that for your trowth,
 Ye shulde have cause to rewe. 320
 Be not dismayd whatsoever I sayd
 To you whan I began !
 I wyl not to the grene wode goe,
 I am no banishyd man.

WOM. Theis tydingis be more glad to me,
 Than to be made a queene, 326
 Yf I were sure they shulde endure ;
 But it is often scene,
 When men wyl breke promyse, they speke
 The wordis on the splene. 330
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
 And stele fro me, I wene.
 Then were the case wurs than it was,
 And I more woo begone ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 335
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Ye shal not neede further to drede :
 I wyl not disparage
 You. God defend, syth you descend
 Of so grette a lynage. 340
 Now understande, to Westmerlande,
 Whiche is my herytage,
 I wyl you bryge, and wyth a ryng,
 By wey of maryage,

I wyl you take, and lady make,

345

As shortly as I can.

Thus have ye wone an erlie's-son,

And got a beaishyd man.

HENRY AND EMMA.

OR A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

Now, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say ;
Bright Cloe ! object of my constant vow, 5
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow ?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains ?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have
roll'd : 10

At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be
prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again :
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue, 15
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith-destroy'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse reviv'd stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand : 20

And while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,
 O, fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse, 25
 And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace
 That once was Emma's has adorn'd thy face,
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame which faithful Henry felt,
 O let the story with thy life agree, 31
 Let men once more the bright example see;
 What Emma was to him be thou to me:
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and ead, a banish'd man to rove: 35
 But, oh! with pity long entreated crown
 My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st
 that one
 Of all mankind, thou lov'st, oh! think on me
 alone.

When beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same, 40
 In times of yore an ancient haven lov'd,
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dashing Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallia war,
 This Lord had handed his appointed bands, 45
 In full obedience to his king's commands,

And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil. 50
 From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honorable ease and rural sport
 The remnant of his days he safely past,
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast;
 He made his wish with his estate comply, 55
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir:
 They call'd her Edna, for the beauteous dame
 Whose virgin birth had borne the name;
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd, 61
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd:
 Yet as when little, round his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her off, in sport, his Nut-brown
 Maid,

The friends and tenants took the sparkling-word, 65
 (As still they please who imitate their lord)
 Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;
 And mutual terms around the lands were
 known,
 And Edna and the Nut-brown Maid were
 twin.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
 Thro' all the tale her beauty was diffus'd. 71
 Oh! what perfections met that virgin's face,
 Who sat in cotton'd where all the fair

From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth; 75
 By wonder first, and then by passions mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and
 they lov'd.

By public praises and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80
 By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.

In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit :
 Great Venus only must direct the dart, one's
 Which else will never reach the fair 86
 heart,

Spite of th' attempts of Force and soft effects
 of Art :

Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown,
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him
 alone. 91

While thus in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justify'd their fame,
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
 His 'squires, his arms, and equipage searches. 95
 In horror'd stealth and silent stir away'd,
 Oft' he finds means to see the beautiful maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd;
 Henry on foot-purveys the bounding beast;

In his right hand his beechen pole he bears, 100
 And gaily at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey.
 Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
 And shows the path her steed may safest take ; 105
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
 And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;
 With her of carrels and of lures he talks : 110
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
 Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands :
 And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry
 down,

With humble rev'rence he accepts the fair, 115
 And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
 And by his look and sighs is express'd,
 A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
 And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
 Or to admire or emulate his song ;
 While with soft sorrow he vents his lays, 125
 Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise :
 But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,

With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals ;
They tell the secret first which he reveals ; 134
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguill'd
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the
child :

But when bright Emma would her fortune
know,

A softer look unbends his op'ning brow :
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply, 140
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for
her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame, 145
And at her feet to breathe his sighs'rous flame ;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love :
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view) 150
Made him perceptive that the smiling fair
Receiv'd his vows with ill-reliant ear ;
That Venus had contriv'd her equal wiles,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's
pains.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
 And with the secret kept the love increas'd, 150
 The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again ; 159
 Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds :
 Another love may gain her easy youth ; 165
 Time changes thought, and flatt'ry conquers
 Truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
 And most we question what we most desire. 170
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
 With anxious grief ; for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste, 175
 Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
 (Avarice tyrants of the human breast)
 By our great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of woman and the force of love : 180
 If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That heavenly frame enclose a steady mind,

He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r;
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail; 185 }
 If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale, }
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail, }
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care, }
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear, }
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war. }

South of the castle, in a verdant glade, 191
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
 Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had
 heard;

Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds, 195
 And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,
 Henry in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree, and as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address, 201
 That as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various 'meads with opening
 flow'rs,

Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
 Which as with gay delight the lover smelt,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present
 crown'd,

tho' all the plains he oft' had gone, }
 each swain the mystic honor shown, 210 }
 still prais'd, the giver still unknown. }
 secret note the troubled Henry writes;
 tree the lovely maid invites :
 words and dubious terms express
 unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ; 215
 he must something to her ear commend,
 which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd,
 For diff'rent this from-ev'ry former note 220
 Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote ;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
 Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her
 pow'r,
 And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more. 225
 Now night advanc'd : the house in sleep were
 laid,

The seven experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
 And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230
 which quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay
 her own, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad all truthfulness he laid,
 Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
 And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways, 235

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh :
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain 240
She sets, and runs to meet him on the plain ;
But, oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste ;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast :
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes. 245

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love ;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair : adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break :
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man 250
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ? 255
Hast thou now dreaded and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey ?
'Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd,
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate.

To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
 By Fortune favor'd and successful arms; 266
 And only as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care. 270
 For me, alas! outcast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits and dire revenge;
 For, lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd,
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away; 275
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd to lonely woods a banish'd man to

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with
 the moon,
 And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies? 281
 And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare. 284
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and
 cure,
 His complement of stores and total war.
 O! cease then coldly to suspect my love, 290
 And let my dread at least thy faith approve.

Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indiff' rence of the Nut-brown Maid ;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run, 295
 While careless Emma sleeps on beads of down.
 View me resolv'd where'er thou lead'st to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son, 299
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous
 way,

And take good heed what men will think and say ;
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ; 305
 That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
 And virgin-honor once, is always stain'd :
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun ; 310
 Better not do the deed than weep it done :
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame :
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love, 314
 And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to
 rove.

EMMA. Let Emma's hopeless case be calmly
 told

By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old ;

Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose,
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse ;
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise, 320
 And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favor but indulge my flight,
 O! let my presence make thy travels light,
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumors of censorious fame ; 325
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be
 known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
 alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword and bend
 the bow ? 330

With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay, 334
 Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day ?
 Then as thy strength decays thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling and thy cheeks all
 pale ;

With fruitless sorrow thou, Frightful Maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd ;
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny 340
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly ;

Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
love

A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew : 345
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire 350
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow, 355
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile read,
Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it!) shouldst
thou bleed,

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear, 360
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
hair ;

Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou
sustain

Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ? 365

Those limbs, in lawn and softer silk array'd,
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
 Can they bear angry Jove ? -can they resist
 The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east ?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating
 rain, 370

We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood,
 And find among the cliffs no other house
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye 376
 Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas ! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding
 sate ? 380

Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must
 mourn ;
 That gate for ever barr'd to thy return ;
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love.
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove ?

HYMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed, 385
 From its decline determin'd to repede ;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sails, 390

But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide, 394
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten
 deer, 400

(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
 With humble duty and officious haste
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast; 405
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
 And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care: 411
 And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend;
 By all these sacred names be Henry known 416
 To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him
 alone.

HEV. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's
care

Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare: 420
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.

No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round, 425
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound;

No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degree, and beautifully less: 430

Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.

Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair 435
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;

The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and
knee

Licentious, and to common eyesight free: 440
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find: 445
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.

Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
 For such must be my friends; a hideous crew,
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill; 450
 Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The headle's lash still flagrant on their back;
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence and divide their prey; 456
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry, 461
 The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war, 465
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou wouldst follow, what thou must for-
 sake:

By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heav'n,
 No middle object to thy choice is giv'n: 470
 Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love, [re-
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in words to
 EMMA. O grief of heart! that our unhappy fate
 Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates:

Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run 475
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. 480
 Our outward act is prompted from within,
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
 Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise. 485
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat ;
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flutt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat. }
 For thee alone these little charms I drest, 490
 Condemn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test ;
 In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride 495
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for }
 thee, }
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O fine extreme of human infamy !
 Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my sight) this ~~head~~ of hair :
 Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace 501
 This little red and white of Emma's face :

These nails with scratches shall deform my }
 breast; }
 Lest by my look or color be express [drest. }
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better }
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise, 506
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known; }
 My fate I can absolve if he shall own }
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. }

HEN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd
 mind! 511

Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'n honor dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said? 515
 O guilty error! and O wretched Maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
 And blow with empty words the susceptible
 flame. }

Now why should doubtful terms thy mind
 perplex, 520
 Confess thy frailty and avow thy sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou
 long'st to rove.

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and
 flames, and swords; 524
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-ax and draw the bow ;
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair, 555
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ?
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
 As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing Love can give. 560
 To be less wretched be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou
 pursue ?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new :
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth. 565
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and
 leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right :
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor with thy lover's
 sight. 571

Why shouldst thou weep ? Let Nature judge
 our case ;

I saw thee young and fair : pursu'd the chase
 Of youth and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law 575

Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty. Blerst vicissitude!
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful
 charms, 580

With present power compels me to her arms;
 And much I fear from my subjected mind,
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 'That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd, 585
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamors of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide to hope that thou mayst live with her;
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
 Cupid averse, rejects divided vows: 591

Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, re-
 move
 An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods
 to rove. }

EMMA. Are we in life thro' one great error
 led? 595

Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most completely curst?
 Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,
 A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend)
 What she demands incessant I'll prepare; 605
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,
 (For there, at least, I may approach my lord)
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes 610 }
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow dis-
 ease,
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect: 616
 With virgin honors let my horse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and, at least, persuade
 This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, whoso
 she
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see. 621
 The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love. 625
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's long-remember'd touch'd thy heart,

Thou ~~must~~ ^{must} give one thought, and drop one
tear

To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone, 630 }
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone. }

HEU. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus
hear;

And thou, bright Maid, believe me whilst I
swear;

No time, no change, no future flame shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love. 636
O pow'ful Virtue! O victorious Fair! }
At least excuse a trial too severe; }
Receive the triumph and forget the war. }

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love: 641
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth, 645
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory, in his Emma's joy.
- See me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious Earl, him terrible in war,
Let Lore confess, for she has felt his sword, 650
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Dea knows,
For she smil'd his spacious meadow Son,

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt rise thy
thought 658

To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:
Music and song shall wake the marriage day, }
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay, }
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run, 665
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold, 669
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move }
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love, }
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests }
rove. 675

EMMA. O day! the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight, }
And give each future morn a tincture of thy }
white. 680

Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of Love,
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
 None, none there is: the thought was rash and
 vain, 685

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care. 690

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
 Her present favor cautious I'll embrace, 695
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace,
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent. 700
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior
 pow'rs,

Must mark the color of my future hours, 704
 From the events which thy commands create,
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate. }

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall
hide)

I see thee, lord and end of my desire, 710
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ. 715
My life subservient only to thy joy,
And at my death to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee
alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said, 720
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive loves, a num'rous crowd ;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they
bow'd :

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts a precious store, 725
That when their god should take his future dart,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy,
And those, they vow'd whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate,
The Queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approv'd the little labor of the loves ;

Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear, }
 And to the triumph call'd the god of war; }
 Soon as she calls, the god is always near. 736 }

Now Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice,
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice.

But when she sings great Edward from the field }
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield }
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught }
 to yield. 741 }

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
 The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump
 again,

To sing her fav'rite Anna's wondrous reign, 745
 To recollect th' unweary'd Malborø's toils,
 Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his spoils,
 The British soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his
 hand,

Let her at least perform what I desire, 750
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I
 gain;

And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast, 755
 Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry prove,
 And Emma-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear,
 And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky; 761
And thou, she smiling said, great god of Days
And Versè, behold my deed and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile, 765
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves,
From ev'ry annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and in the softest lays 770
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true Lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

END OF PRIOR'S POEMS.

Printed by C. Stanger and Co.
Northumberland-coast, England, London.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Solomon on the Vanity of the World, in Three Books.	
Preface - - - - -	1
Knowledge, Book I. - - - - -	11
Pleasure, Book II. - - - - -	41
Power, Book III. - , - - - - -	79
Alma, or the Progress of the Mind, in Three Cantos.	
Canto I. - - - - -	113
Canto II. - - - - -	131
Canto III. - - - - -	149
The Nut-brown Maid, a Poem, written Three Hundred Years since - - -	
Henry and Emma, a Poem, upon the Model of the Nut-brown Maid -	171 184





THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANDSDOWNE:

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You mark the tender, and th' ambitious fire. YOUNG.

IN ONE VOLUME.

London:

Printed for Cadell and Davies, Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme;
Nichols and Son; J. Walker; Wilkie and Robinson; W. J. and
J. Richardson; F. C. and J. Rivington; Lackington, Allen, and
Co.; E. H. Borne; Cathell and Martin; Scatchard and Letter-
man; Otridge and Son; Verner, Hood, and Sharpe; E. Faul-
der; T. Payne; J. Nunn; E. Lea; J. Deighton; J. Johnson;
W. Clarke and Sons; W. Lowndes; J. Hatchard; Black and
Perry; J. Harding; E. Jeffery; J. Carpenter; W. Miller;
Leigh and Sotheby; Payne and Mackinlay; Mathews and
Leigh; P. Wynne; J. Basker; and
SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.



LORD LANSDOWN

THE LIFE
OF
GEORGE GRANVILLE.
BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

OF GEORGE GRANVILLE, or as others write *Greenville*, or *Grenville*, afterwards Lord Landsdown of Biddesford, in the county of Devon, less is known than his name and rank might give reason to expect. He was born about 1667, the son of Bernard Greenville, who was entrusted by Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration, and the grandson of Sir Bevil Greenville, who died in the King's cause, at the battle of Landadown.

His early education was superintended by Sir William Ellis; and his progress was such, that before the age of twelve he was sent to Cambridge*, where he pronounced a copy of his

* To Trinity College. By the university registers it appears, that he was admitted to his Master's Degree in 1679: we must, therefore, set the year of his birth some years back. H.

own verses to the Princess Mary d'Istù, of Modena, then Duchess of York, when she visited the university.

At the accession of King James, being now at eighteen, he again exerted his poetical powers, and addressed the new monarch in three short pieces, of which the first is profane, and the two others such as a boy might be expected to produce, but he was commended by old Waller, who perhaps was pleased to find himself imitated, in six lines, which, though they begin with nonsense and end with dulness, excited in the young author a rapture of acknowledgment,

In numbers such as Waller's self might use.

It was probably about this time that he wrote the poem to the Earl of Peterborough, upon his accomplishment of the duke of York's marriage with the princess of Modena, whose charms appear to have gained a strong prevalence over his imagination, and upon whom nothing ever has been charged but imprudent piety, an intemperate and unguided zeal for the propagation of popery.

However faithful Granville might have been to the King, or however enamoured of the Queen, he has left no reason for supposing that he approved either the artifices or the violence with which the King's religion was insinuated or obtruded. He endeavoured to be true at once to the King and to the Church.

LIFE OF GRANVILLE.

Of this regulated loyalty he has transmitted to posterity a sufficient proof, in the letter which he wrote to his father about a month before the prince of Orange landed.

‘ To the honourable Mr. Barnard Granville, at
‘ the earl of Bathe’s, St. James’s.

‘ *Marr, near Doncaster,*

‘ SIR,

Oct. 6, 1688.

‘ Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my
‘ desire at this important juncture to venture my
‘ life, in some manner or other, for my King and
‘ my Country.

‘ I cannot bear living under the reproach of
‘ lying obscure and idle in a country retirement,
‘ when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

‘ You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon
‘ Monmouth’s rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave
‘ the academy: I was too young to be hazarded;
‘ but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any
‘ age to die for one’s country, and the sooner the
‘ nobler the sacrifice.

‘ I am now older by three years. My uncle
‘ Bathe was not so old when he was left among
‘ the slain at the battle of Newbury; nor you your-

‘ self, Sir, when you made your escape from your
‘ tutors, to join your brother at the defence of
‘ Scilly.

‘ The same cause is now come round about
‘ again. The King has been misled; let those
‘ who have misled him be answerable for it.
‘ Nobody can deny but he is sacred in his own
‘ person; and it is every honest man’s duty to
‘ defend it.

‘ You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if
‘ the Hollanders are rash enough to make such
‘ an attempt; but, be that as it will, I beg leave
‘ to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his
‘ majesty, as one whose utmost ambition is to de-
‘ vote his life to his service, and my country’s,
‘ after the example of all my ancestors.

‘ The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon
‘ the choice of representatives for the county,
‘ have prepared an address, to assure his majesty
‘ they are ready to sacrifice their lives and for-
‘ tunes for him upon this and all other occasions;
‘ but at the same time they humbly beseech him
‘ to give them such magistrates as may be agree-
‘ able to the laws of the land; for, at present,
‘ there is no authority to which they can legally
‘ submit.

‘ They have been beating up for volunteers at
‘ York, and the towns adjacent, to supply the re-
‘ giments at Hull; but nobody will list.

‘ By what I can hear, every body wishes well
 ‘ to the King; but they would be glad his minis-
 ‘ ters were hanged.

‘ The winds continue so contrary, that no land-
 ‘ ing can be so soon as was apprehended; there-
 ‘ fore I may hope, with your leave and assistance,
 ‘ to be in readiness before any action can begin.
 ‘ I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earn-
 ‘ estly, to add this one act of indulgence more to
 ‘ so many other testimonies which I have con-
 ‘ stantly received of your goodness; and be
 ‘ pleased to believe me always, with the utmost
 ‘ duty and submission, Sir,

‘ Your most dutiful son,

‘ And most obedient servant,

‘ GEO. GRANVILLE.’

Through the whole reign of King William he is supposed to have lived in literary retirement, and indeed had for some time few other pleasures but those of study in his power. He was, as the biographers observe, the younger son of a younger brother; a denomination by which our ancestors proverbially expressed the lowest state of penury and dependance. He is said, however, to have preserved himself at this time from disgrace and difficulties by economy, which he forgot or neglected in life more advanced, and in better fortune.

About this time he became enamoured of the

countess of Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with so much ardour by the name of Mira. He wrote verses to her before he was three-and-twenty, and may be forgiven if he regarded the face more than the mind. Poets are sometimes in too much haste to praise.

In the time of his retirement it is probable that he composed his dramatic pieces, the *She-Gul-lants*, (acted 1696,) which he revised, and called *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* (1698); *Heroic Love*, a tragedy (1701); *The British Enchanters* (1706), a dramatic poem; and *Peleus and Thetis*, a masque, written to accompany *The Jew of Venice*.

The comedies, which he has not printed in his own edition of his works, I never saw; *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*, is said to be in a great degree indecent and gross. Granville could not admire without bigotry; he copied the wrong as well as the right from his masters, and may be supposed to have learned obscenity from Wycherley, as he learned mythology from Waller.

In his *Jew of Venice*, as Rowe remarks, the character of *Shylock* is made comic, and we are prompted to laughter instead of detestation.

It is evident that *Heroic Love* was written, and presented on the stage, before the death of Dryden. It is a mythological tragedy, upon the love of Agamemnon and Chryseis, and therefore

easily sunk into neglect, though praised in verse by Dryden, and in prose by Pope.

It is concluded by the wise Ulysses with this speech:

Fate holds the strings, and men like children move
But as they're led; success is from above.

At the accession of Queen Anne, having his fortune improved by bequests from his father, and his uncle the earl of Bath, he was chosen into parliament for Fowey. He soon after engaged in a joint translation of the *Invectives against Philip*, with a design, surely weak and puerile, of turning the thunder of Demosthenes upon the head of Lewis.

He afterwards (in 1706) had his estate again augmented by an inheritance from his elder brother, Sir Bevil Granville, who, as he returned from the government of Barbadoes, died at sea. He continued to serve in parliament; and in the ninth year of Queen Anne was chosen knight of the shire for Cornwall.

At the memorable change of the ministry (1710), he was made secretary at war, in the place of Mr. Robert Walpole.

Next year, when the violence of party made twelve peers in a day, Mr. Granville became *Lord Lansdown Baron Biddesford*, by a promotion justly remarked to be not invidious, because he was the heir of a family in which two peerages

that of the earl of Bathe and lord Granville of Potheridge, had lately become extinct. Being now high in the Queen's favour, he (1712) was appointed comptroller of the household, and a privy counsellor; and to his other honours were added the dedication of Pope's *Windsor Forest*. He was advanced next year to be treasurer of the household.

Of these favours he soon lost all but his title; for at the accession of king George his place was given to the earl Cholmondeley, and he was persecuted with the rest of his party. Having protested against the bill for attainting Ormond and Bolingbroke, he was, after the insurrection in Scotland, seized, September 26th, 1715, as a suspected man, and confined in the Tower till February 8th, 1717, when he was at last released, and restored to his seat in parliament; where (1719) he made a very ardent and animated speech against the repeal of the bill to prevent occasional conformity, which, however, though it was then printed, he has not inserted into his works.

Some time afterwards (about 1722), being perhaps embarrassed by his profusion, he went into foreign countries, with the usual pretence of recovering his health. In this state of leisure and retirement, he received the first volume of Burnet's *History*, of which he cannot be supposed to have approved the general tendency, and

where he thought himself able to detect some particular falsehoods. He therefore undertook the vindication of General Monk from some calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and some misrepresentations of Mr. Echard. This was answered civilly by Mr. Thomas Burnet, and Oldmixon; and more roughly by Dr. Coldbatch.

His other historical performance is a defence of his relation Sir Richard Greenville, whom Lord Clarendon has shewn in a form very unamiable. So much is urged in this apology, to justify many actions that have been represented as culpable; and to palliate the rest, that the reader is reconciled for the greater part; and it is made very probable that Clarendon was by personal enmity disposed to think the worst of Greenville, as Greenville was also very willing to think the worst of Clarendon. These pieces were published at his return to England.

Being now desirous to conclude his labours, and enjoy his reputation, he published (1732) a very beautiful and splendid edition of his works, in which he omitted what he disapproved, and enlarged what seemed deficient.

He now went to court, and was kindly received by queen Caroline; to whom and to the princess Anne he presented his works, with verses on the blank leaves, with which he concluded his poetical labours.

He died in Hanover-square, January 30, 1734,

having a few days before buried his wife, the lady Anne Villers, widow to Mr. Thynne, by whom he had four daughters, but no son.

Writers commonly derive their reputation from their works; but there are works which owe their reputation to the character of the writer. The public sometimes has its favourites, whom it rewards for one species of excellence with the honours due to another. From him whom we reverence for his beneficence we do not willingly withhold the praise of genius; a man of exalted merit becomes at once an accomplished writer, as a beauty finds no great difficulty in passing for a wit.

Granville was a man illustrious by his birth, and therefore attracted notice: since he is by Pope styled "the polite," he must be supposed elegant in his manners, and generally loved: he was in times of contest and turbulence steady to his party, and obtained that esteem which is always conferred upon firmness and consistency. With those advantages, having learned the art of versifying, he declared himself a poet; and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

But by a critic of a latter generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the ~~praise~~ already received will be thought sufficient for his works do not shew him to have had much comprehension from nature, or illumination from learning. He seems to have had no

ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults, and very little more. He is for ever amusing himself with the puerilities of mythology; his King is Jupiter, who, if the Queen brings no children, has a barren Juno. The Queen is compounded of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. His poem on the duchess of Grafton's law-suit, after having rattled a while with Juno and Pallas, Mars and Alcides, Cassiope, Niobe, and the Propetules, Hercules, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, at last concludes its folly with profaneness.

His verses to Mira, which are most frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the sentiments of a lover or the language of a poet: there may be found, now and then, a happier effort; but they are commonly feeble and unassuming, or forced and extravagant.

His little pieces are seldom either sprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleness, and published by vanity. But his Prologues and Epilogues have a just claim to praise.

The *Progress of Beauty* seems one of his most elaborate pieces, and is not deficient in splendour and gaiety; but the merit of original thought is wanting. Its highest praise is the spirit with which he celebrates King James's consort, when she was a queen no longer.

The *Essay on unnatural Flights in Poetry* is

not inelegant nor injudicious, and has something of vigour beyond most of his other performances; his precepts are just, and his cautions proper; they are indeed not new, but in a didactic poem novelty is to be expected only in the ornaments and illustrations. His poetical precepts are accompanied with agreeable and instructive notes.

The *Masque of Pelcus and Thetis* has here and there a pretty line; but it is not always melodious, and the conclusion is wretched.

In his *British Enchanters* he has bidden defiance to all chronology, by confounding the inconsistent manners of different ages; but the dialogue has often the air of Dryden's rhyming plays; and the songs are lively, though not very correct. This is, I think, far the best of his works; for if it has many faults, it has likewise passages which are at least pretty, though they do not rise to any high degree of excellence.

MISCELLANIES.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,

Being then not twelve years of age,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, IN CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN, join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Descend to view the Muses' humble seat,
Tho' in mean lines they their vast joys declare, }
Yet for sincerity and truth they dare
With your own Tasso's mighty self compare. }

Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them such praises as to Heav'n they give;
Their praises for that gentle influence
Which thine auspicious lights, your eyes, dispense;
Those radiant eyes, whose irresistible flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the Duke; where'er you tread
Millions of proselytes behind are led:
Thro' crowds of new-made converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious show.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conquest than his arms e'er gain'd.

With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome,
But love's a gentler victory at home :
Securely here he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes,
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bless'd with such a wife.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celestial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aspire,
Till, crown'd with honour and immortal name,
By wit or valour led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the
noble flame.

**To high exploits the praises that belong
Live but as nourish'd by the poet's song.**

A tree of life is sacred poetry ;
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye :
Many there are who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taste survive.

Waller shall never die, of life secure
As long as Fame or aged Time endure :
Waller ! the Mus's darling, free to taste
Of all their stores, the master of the feast :

Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
But lord of all the spacious paradise.

Those foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once to do justice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praise,
No rival strives but for a second place;
No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)
A poet with a plentiful estate;
The first of mortals who before the tomb
Struck that pernicious monster, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, those savages, disarm'd;
Not Orpheus with such pow'ful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more
Than, living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muse employ'd her gen'rous rage }
In crowning virtue, scorning to engage }
The vice and follies of an impious age. }
No Snyr lurks within this hallow'd ground, }
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods, abound: }
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound. }
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken men his Muse of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name.
We raise our own by giving fame to foes:
The valour that he prais'd he did oppose.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The state and business shar'd his ample mind:
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So senates to his wisdom would submit.

His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his song.

Our British kings are rais'd above the hearse,
Immortal made in his immortal verse :
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celestial Charles's and just James :
Juno and Pallas, all the shining race
Of heav'nly beauties, to the Queen give place :
Clear like her brow, and graceful, was his song,
Great like her mind, and like her virtue strong.

Parent of gods ! who dost to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy seat above ?
Waller the god of Verse we will proclaim ;
Not Phœbus now, but Waller, be his name :
Of joyful bards the sweet seraphic quire
Acknowledge thee their oracle and sire ;
The spheres do homage, and the Muses sing
Waller the god of Verse who was the King.

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

Of the rude Indians, artless and untaught,
So brightest jewels are with trifles bought :
Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is show'd,
Imperial Juba giv'n for a cloud.

ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming Queen,
 Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mien,
 Majestic Juno in her air we find,
 The form of Venus, with Minerva's mind:
 Who was so grac'd, she, she was fit alone
 With royal James to fill the British throne.

 LOVE.

To love is to be doom'd on earth to feel
 What after death the torments meet in hell.
 The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
 His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
 Is love. The stone that labours up the hill,
 Mocking the labourer's toil, returning still,
 Is love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst
 To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst;
 Those laden boughs that with their burthen bend
 To court his taste, and yet escape his hand;
 All this is love, that to dissembled joys
 Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE god of Day, descending from above,
 Mix'd with the sea, and got the queen of Love.
 Beauty that fires the world 't was fit should rise
 From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
 In C'yp'us long, by men and gods obey'd, 5
 The lovers' toil she gratefully repaid ;
 Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
 And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.
 Learn by this pattern, all ye fair! to charm; 9
 Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.

Heleu was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
 With much expense of blood and empire sought.
 Beauty and love the noblest cause afford
 'That can try valour or employ the sword :
 Not men alone incited by her charms, 15
 But Heav'n's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
 The happy Trojan, gloriously possess'd,
 Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
 Your cold reflections, Moralists! forbear :
 His title's best who best can please the fair. 20

And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
 The fierce desires, distractions, and despair
 Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
 Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
 Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
 And saw a thousand rivals to the sun; 26

Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care,
 In new productions, to delight the fair.
 To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd;
 His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd. 30

Those rocks and oaks which such emotions felt,
 Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt.
 Music and songs, and ev'ry way to move
 The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.

The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth, 35
 Descend from heav'n to this new heav'n on earth.
 Thy wit, O Mercury! is no defence from love;
 Nor, Mars! thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove!
 The mad immortals, in a thousand shapes, 39 }
 Range the wide globe: some yield, some suffer }
 Invaded or deceiv'd not one escapes: [rapes; }
 The wise, tho' a bright goddess, thus gives place
 To mortal concubines of fresh embrace.
 By such examples were we taught to see

The life and soul of love is sweet variety. 45

In those first times, ere charming womankind
 Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
 Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,
 The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys:
 Phœbus laureats for Hyacinthus dead, 50
 And Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymede.

Return, my Muse! and close that odious scene,
 Nor stain thy verse with images unclean:
 Of Beauty sing, her shining progress view,
 From clime to clime the dazzling light pursue, 55 }
 Tell how the goddess spread, and how in empire }
 grew.

Let others govern or defend the state,
 Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
 In lofty arts and sciences excel,
 Or in proud domes employ their boasted skill; 60
 To marble and to brass such features give,
 The metal and the stone may seem to live;
 Describe the stars and planetary way,
 And trace the footsteps of eternal day:
 Be this, my Muse! thy pleasure and thy care, 65
 A slave to Beauty, to record the fair;
 Still wand'ring in love's sweet delicious maze
 To sing the triumphs of some heav'nly face,
 Of lovely dames, who with a smile or frown
 Subdue the proud, the suppliant lover crown; 70
 From Venus down to Mira bring thy song,
 To thee alone such tender tasks belong.

From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
 And ripens with her near approach to light.
 Frown not, ye Fair! to hear of swarthy dames 75
 With radiant eyes, that take unerring aim;
 Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
 Is of all colours, and by none defin'd:
 Jewels that shine, in gold or silver set,
 As precious and as sparkling are in jet. 80
 Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
 Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
 The first who gave recruited slaves to know
 That the rich pearl was of more use than show;
 Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught, 85
 Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.

Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,
 Each in his turn, present the conquer'd ball ;
 Those dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light
 From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight : 90
 Nor was her death less glorious than her life,
 A constant mistress, and a faithful wife.
 Her dying truth some gen'rous tears would cost,
 Had not her fate inspir'd 'The World Well Lost *.'
 With secret pride the ravish'd Muses view 95
 The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in such happy climates, warm and bright,
 Love for some ages revell'd with delight,
 The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,
 Invent new arts to make their charmers kind. 100
 See! in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
 In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound;
 Some love-device is wrought on ev'ry sword,
 And ev'ry riband bears some mystic word :
 As when we see the winged winds engage, 105
 Mounted on coursers foaming flame and rage,
 Rustling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie,
 One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
 To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring war: 110
 So when the trumpet sounding gives the sign,
 The justling chiefs in rude rencounter join ;
 So meet, and so renew the dext'rous fight,
 Each fair beholder trembling for her knight,

* All for Love; or, The World Well Lost. Written by Mr. Dryden.

Still as one falls another rushes in, 115
 And all must be o'ercome or none can win :
 The victor, from the shining dame whose eyes
 Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and beauty reign'd in state,
 Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date :
 Past is the gallantry, the fame remains 121
 Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes :
 Granada* lost beheld her pomps restor'd,
 And Almahide† once more by kings ador'd.

Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies, 125
 And with bright nymphs the distant sun supplies;
 Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
 The loves and prowess of advent'rous knights,
 To animate their rage, a kiss record
 From Britain's fairest nymph was the reward. 130
 Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
 Of British beauty, and so wide the fame,
 Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law
 By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, of olden large annals prove
 The mighty deeds, stand unknown'd for love: 135
 A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
 Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
 Thy Rosamond, great Henry! on the stage
 By a late Muse presented in our age, 140
 With aching hearts and staring eyes we view,
 While that dissembled death presents the true:

* The Conquest of Granada. Written by Mr. Dryden.

† The part of Almahide performed by Mrs. Elmer Goya,
 between La Kine Chabon. 11

In Bracegirdle* the persons so agree,
That all seems real the spectators see.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings
Thy captives, Edward! Faine for ever sings; 145
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who hast to Love the noblest trophy rais'd.
Thy statues, Venus! tho' by Phidias' hand
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand; 150
The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,
Which, thro' the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If such their faine who gave these rights divine
To sacred Love, O what dishonour's thine, 155
Forgetful Queen! who sever'd that bright head†
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hadst thou been born a man, thou hadst not err'd;
Thy faine had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd 160
But, O! what mighty magic can assuage
A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love! that delights to smile,
Fling from scenes of horror, quits our isle‡:
With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone, 165
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one:
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
But, O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!

* A famous actress.

† Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

‡ The rebellion, and death of King Charles I.

As eager flames, with opposition pent,
 Break out impetuous when they find a vent ; 170
 As a fierce torrent bounded in his race,
 Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace ;
 From the loud palace to the silent grove,
 All by the King's example live and love ;
 The Muses with diviner voices sing, 175
 And all rejoice to please the godlike king.

Then Waller in immortal voice proclaims
 The shining court, and all the glitt'ring dames.
 Thy beauty, Sidney*, like Achilles' sword,
 Resistless stands upon us sure record ; 180
 The fiercest hero and the brightest dame,
 Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.

And now, my Muse! a nobler flight prepare,
 And sing so loud that heav'n and earth may hear.
 Behold from Italy an awful ray 185
 (O heav'nly light illuminates the day,
 Northward she bends, majestically bright,
 And here she fixes her imperial light.
 Be bold, be bold, my Muse! nor fear to raise
 Thy voice to her who ~~was~~ thy earliest praise, 190
 What tho' the sullen fates refuse to shine,
 Or frown severe, on thy audacious line?
 Keep thy bright flame within thy steady sight,
 The clouds shall fly before the dazzling light,
 And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight. 195 }

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of *Ancharaea*.

Thou who hast never yet put on disguise
 To flatter faction, or descend to vice,
 Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
 But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye some prospect would pursue,
 Descending from a hill, looks round to view, 201
 Passes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
 Some fav'rite spot, and, fixing, there remains ;
 With equal rapture my transported Muse
 Flies other objects, this bright theme to choose. 205

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
 A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight ;
 Princess ador'd and lov'd ! if verse can give
 A deathless name, thine shall for ever live ;
 Invok'd where'er the British Lion roars, 210
 Extended as the seas that gird the British shores.
 The wise immortals in their seats above,
 To crown their labours, still appointed Love :
 Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the den,
 Alcides had Omphale, James has thee. 215
 O happy James ! content thy mighty mind,
 Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind,
 To lie but at whose feet more glory brings
 Than 't is to tread on sceptres and on kings :
 Secure of empire in that beautiful breast, 220
 Who would not give their crowns to be so blest ?
 Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,
 Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
 But, ah ! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
 What chance, attends on ev'ry worldly state ! 225

As when the skies were sack'd, the conquer'd gods,
 Compell'd from heav'n, forsook their bless'd abodes,
 Wand'ring in woods they hid from den to den,
 And sought their safety in the shapes of men :
 As when the winds with kindling flames conspire,
 The blaze increases as they fan the fire, 231
 From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
 Nor spares the palace nor the loftiest tow'rs;
 Or as the stately pine, erecting high
 Her lofty branches, shooting to the sky, 235
 If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
 Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
 Level with lowest shrubs lies the tall head
 That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was spread :
 So — — — — — 240
 But cease, my Muse ! thy colours are too faint ;
 Hide with a veil those griefs which none can paint.
 The sun is set—but see in bright array
 What hosts of heav'nly light recruit the day !
 Love in a shining galaxy appears 245
 Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the stars :
 Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways,
 Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze ;
 Her eyes, resistless as the Syren's voice,
 So sweet 's the charm we make our fate our choice.
 Who most resembles her let next be nam'd, 251
 Villiers*, for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd ;
 Of a high race victorious Beauty brings
 To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

With what delight my Muse to Sandwich flies,
 Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes! 256
 Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,
 And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings,
 Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
 The successor of beauteous Ossory! 260

Richmond's a title, that, but nam'd, implies
 Majestic graces and victorious eyes.
 Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stewart came,
 And Brud'nel now no less adorns the name.
 Dorset already is immortal made 265
 In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.

By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find
 That beauty to no climate is confin'd.

Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace
 Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face. 270

Not Helen with St. Albans might compare,
 Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare, }
 Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare.

Soft and delicious, as a southern sky, 274
 Are Dashwood's smiles; when Daraley* frowns
 Careless, but yet secure of conquest, still [we die.
 La'son, unaiming, never fails to kill†:
 Guiltless of pride, to captivate or shine,
 Bright without art, she wounds without design.
 But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart, 280
 And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart;

* Lady Catharine Daraley, Duchess of Buckingham.

† Lady Gower.

Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
 Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake ;
 Asserting the dominion of her eyes,
 As heroes fight for glory, not for prize. 285

The skilful Muse's earliest care has been
 The praise of never-fading Mazarine ;
 The poet* and his theme, in spite of Time,
 For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.
 With charms so num'rous, Mira does surprise, 290
 The lover knows not by which dart he dies ;
 So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,
 No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
 O see another Brüd'nel† heav'nly bright, 295
 Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
 And fix Love's empire in that race divine!

Fain would my Muse to Cecil‡ bend her sight,
 But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,
 Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight. 300 }

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my song,
 Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong,
 These matchless beauties should recorded be
 Immortal in my verse, as in thy gallery§. 304

* St. Evremont, who has celebrated Madame Mazarine under the name of Hortense.

† Lady Molyneux.

‡ Lady Keneleigh.

§ The gallery of beauties in Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL POX,

SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
 But few attempts show other dangers near;
 Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,
 Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;
 In her chief residence besieg'd at last,
 Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste.

On things immortal all attempts are vain;
 Tyrant Disease! 'tis loss of time and pain;
 Gout thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
 Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes:
 Let her but live; as much vermillion tinge
 As might a Helen or a Venus make;
 Like Thetis she shall frustrate thy vain rape,
 And in variety of charms escape.
 The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,
 Yet shines the radiant firmament as bright:
 So from the ocean should we rivers drain,
 Still would enough to drown the world remain.

LADY HYDE

SITTING AT

SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S

FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
 Attempts that face whose print 's on ev'ry heart,
 The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
 Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,
 Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
 The secret gems and all the inward gold.
 Two only patterns do the Muses name
 Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame :
 A Venus and a Helen have been seen
 Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen ;
 In this, the third, are reconcil'd at last
 Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste ;
 With graces that attract, but not ensnare ;
 Divinely good, as she 's divinely fair ;
 With beauty not affected, vain, nor proud ;
 With greatness easy, affable, and good.
 Others, by guilty artifice, and arts
 (Of promis'd kindness, ~~perfidious~~ ^{poison} on our hearts,
 With expectation blow the passion up ;
 She fans the fire without one gale of hope :

Like the chaste moon she shines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend so many fates !
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

LADY HYDE*.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furnish graces for the piece
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece ;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To show how one immortal shin'd.

Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
Of goddesses, had summon'd been ;
The painter must have scarch'd the skies
To match the lustre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus and the new,
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

* Afterwards Countess of Cleveland and Rochester.

THE DESERTION.


Now fly, Discretion! to my aid,
 See haughty Mira, fair and bright,
 In all the pomp of love array'd;
 Ah! how I tremble at the sight!
 She comes! she comes!—before her all
 Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,
 Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
 Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
 Sparing nor age nor sex,
 Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
 And from her lips, her cheeks, and eyes,
 All opposition he defies.
 Reason, Love's old inveterate foe,
 Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
 Reason assists her too.

A wise commander he, for Council fit,
 But nice and coy, nor has been seen to sit
 In modern synod, nor appear'd of late
 In courts nor camps, nor in affairs of state;
 Reason proclaims them all his foes,
 Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom-friends make war
Within my breast, and in her int'rests are :
Esteem and Judgment, with strong Fancy, join
To court and call the fair invader in ;
My darling favourite, Inclination, too,
All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah ! whither shall I fly to hide
My weakness from the conqueror's pride ?
Now, now, Discretion ! be my guide ;
But see, this mighty Archimedes too
Surrenders now ;
Presuming longer to resist ;
His very name
Discretion must disclaim,
Folly and Madness only would persist.



IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre ; begin my Muse !
What nymph, what queen, what goddess wilt thou
choose ?
Whose praises sing ? what charmer's name
Transmit immortal down to fame ?
Strike, strike thy strings ; let Echo take the sound ;
And bear it far, to all the mountains round ;

Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,
 And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice
 Of Orpheus charm'd the grove,
 Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;
 Mira is Venus and Diana too;
 All that was feign'd of them—apply'd to her is true:
 Then sing, my Muse! let Mira be our theme.
 As when the shepherds would a garland make,
 They search with care the fragrant meadows round,
 Plucking but here and there, and only take
 The choicest flowers, with which some nymph is
 In framing Mira, so divinely fair, [crown'd;
 Nature has taken the same care;
 All that is lovely, noble, good, we see
 All, beauteous Mira! all bound up in thee.
 Where Mira is, there is the queen of Love,
 Th' Arcadian pastures and th' Idalian grove.
 Let Mira dance, so charming is her mien,
 In every movement ev'ry grace is seen:
 Let Mira sing, the notes so sweetly wound,
 The Syrens would be silent at the sound.
 Place me on mountains of eternal snow,
 Where till is ice, all winter winds that blow;
 Or cast me underneath the burning line,
 Where everlasting sun does shine,
 Where all is scorch'd—Whatever you decree,
 To girls! wherever I shall be,
 Mira shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me. }

THE DUCHESS OF —

UNSEASONABLY SURPRISED IN THE EMBRACES OF
HER LORD.

Fairest Zelinda! cease to chide or grieve,
Nor blush at joys that only you can give;
Whowith bold eyes survey'd those matchless charms
Is punish'd, seeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars; and Mercury aloud
Proclam'd his grief that he was not the god:
So to be caught was ev'ry god's desire;
Nor less than Venus can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him, then, thou more than heav'nly fair,
Forgive his rashness, punish'd by despair.
All that we know which wretched mortals feel
In those sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is that they see the raptures of the blest,
And view the joys which they must never taste.

MIRA SINGING.

THE Sirens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
Ty'd to the mast Ulysses sail'd unharm'd:

Had Mira's voice entic'd his list'ning ear,
The Greek had stopp'd, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Mira sings we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song !
Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
So many pointed arrows, who can bear !
Who from her wit or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice she overtakes him dies.

Like soldiers so in battle we succeed,
One peril 'scaping, by another bleed :
In vain the dart or glitt'ring sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the slaught'ring gun.

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF THE COUNTERS OF
SANDWICH, DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT,

WHEN Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
The queen of Beauty then she seems to be ;
Now fair Adonis in this male-disguise,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes :
No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who seem : the goddess seems the god of Love.

WRITTEN UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING GLASS.

THE gods of Wine, Wit, and Love, prepare,
With cheerful bowing, to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toast,
And Hare's the goddess that delights him most:
Plutus approves, and bids the trumpets sound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, sends it round.



WRITTEN UNDER THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

LOVE's keenest darts are radiating Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddess poisons with despair;
The god of Wine the dire effect foresees,
And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY HARPER'S NAME.

To Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy morn'g in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink up
To the last drop, were ~~any~~ in the cup.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAME.

If I not love you, Villiers ! more
Than ever mortal lov'd before ;
With such a passion, fix'd and sure,
As ev'n possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath,
May then this bumper be my death.

VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earliest voice,
 Made kings, and queens, and beauty's charms, her
 choice,—
 Now on her death-bed this last homage pays,
 O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
 So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries
 To warble one note more—and singing dies.
 ' Hail, mighty Queen! whose pow'ful smile alone
 ' Commands obedience, and secures the throne.
 ' Contending parties and plebeian rage
 ' Had puzzled loyalty for half an age;
 ' Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute;
 ' All who have eyes confess you absolute:
 ' To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,
 ' And in your person own a right divine.'
 Thus sang the Muse, in her last moments fir'd
 With Carolina's praise—and then expir'd.

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE SAME POEMS,

PRESENTED TO

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt some heav'nly fair,
To some bright goddess we compare :
Minerva, wisdom ; Juno, grace ;
And Venus furnishes the face.
In royal Anne's bright form is seen
What comprehends them all—the Queen.

WRITTEN IN

CLARINDA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

Is vain, Clarinda ! night and day
For pity to the gods you pray
What arrogance on Heav'n so call
For that which you deny to all !

MIRA'S PARROT.

Is those first times, when nymphs were rude and
The gods, disguis'd, hid ambushes for joy : [coy,
From Jove in feathers, harmless to the sight,
Leda, without a blush, accepts delight.

Mira! as chaste as Leda, and more fair,
 Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care;
 And, O take heed! for, if such tales were true,
 The gods may practise these designs on you:
 Then heav'n and all their brightness they will quit
 For any form that may to you admit.
 See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,
 Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an am'roustrance!
 Press'd by that hand, he melts at ev'ry touch;
 Press'd by that hand, who would not melt as much?
 The queen of Beauty shall forsake the dove;
 Henceforth the Parrot be the bird of Love.



MIRA

AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HIDE-PARK.

LEF meaner beauties conquer singly still,
 But haughty Mira will by thousands kill;
 Thro' armed ranks triumphantly she drives,
 And with one glance commands a thousand lives;
 The trembling heroes nor resist nor fly,
 But at the head of all their squadrons die.

THE VISION.

In lonely walks, distracted by despair,
 Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
 My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
 Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs the
 Thro' paths untrodden day and night I rove, [wind,
 Mourning the fate of my successful love.
 Who most desire to live, untimely fall ;
 But when we beg to die, Death flies our cull.
 Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast,
 In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest :
 That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
 Pity, relief, and happiness, to me.
 When will my sorrows end? In vain, in vain,
 I call to Heav'n, and tell the gods my pain ;
 The gods averse, like Mira, to my pray'r,
 Consent to doom whom she denies to spare.
 Why do I seek for foreign aids, when I
 Bear ready by my side the pow'rs to die?
 Be keen, my Sword! and serve thy master well;
 Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
 Straight up I rose, and to my sobing breast,
 My bosom bare, the ready point I prest;
 When, lo! astonish'd, an unusual light
 Part'd the thick shade, and all around grew bright:
 My dazzled eyes a radiant form* behold,
 Splendid with light like beams of burning gold;

Eternal rays his shining temples grace,
 Eternal youth sat blooming on his face;
 Trembling I listen, prostrate on the ground, [sound,
 His breath perfumes the grove, and music's in the
 ' Cease, Lover! cease thy tender heart to vex
 ' In fruitless plaints of an ungrateful sex;
 ' In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ
 ' That women ever shall be foes to wit.
 ' With proper arts their sickly minds command,
 ' And please 'em with the things they understand:
 ' With noisy fopperies their hearts assail;
 ' Renounce all sense: how should thy songs pre- }
 ' When I, the god of Wit, so oft could fail? [vail,
 ' Remember me; and in my story find
 ' How vainly merit pleads to womankind.
 ' I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,
 ' Create the day, and gild the night with stars,
 ' Whose youth and beauty from all ages past
 ' Sprang with the world, and with the world shall
 last,
 ' How oft with fruitless tears have I implor'd
 ' Ungrateful nymphs! and, tho' a god, ador'd I
 ' When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
 ' Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, secure its truth?
 ' Here a proud nymph with painful steps I chase,
 ' The winds outlying in our nubile race;
 ' Stay, Daphne! stay—In vain, in vain, I try
 ' To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry:
 ' O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills she climbs,
 ' And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs,

' Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,
 ' Turn'd to a tree, she yet escapes my hold.
 ' In my next love a diff'rent fate I find :
 ' Ah ! which is worse, the false, or the unkind ?
 ' Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis chose,
 ' A kinder nymph—too kind for my repose.
 ' The joys I give but more provoke her breast ;
 ' She keeps a private drudge* to quench the rest :
 ' How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
 ' Her black pollution, and reveal my shame.
 ' Hard lot of beauty ! fatally bestow'd,
 ' Or given to the false, or to the proud ;
 ' By diff'rent ways they bring us equal pain ;
 ' The false betray us, and the proud disdain.
 ' Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
 ' To seek more truth in my own native sky.
 ' Venus, the fairest of immortal loves,
 ' Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
 ' With glowing eyes, confessing warm desires,
 ' She summons heav'n and earth to quench her fires :
 ' Me she excludes ; and I in vain adore
 ' Who neither god nor man refus'd before :
 ' Vulcan, the very monster of the skies,
 ' Vulcan she takes, the god of Wit denies.
 ' Then cease to murmur at thy Mira's pride,
 ' Whimsy, not reason, is the female guide :

* The nymph Coronis was beloved by Apollo, but at the same time had a private intrigue with her brother, which was discovered by a crow.

' The fate of which their master does complain,
 ' Is of bad omen to th' inspired train: [mourns,
 ' What vows have fail'd ! Hark, how Catullus
 ' How Ovid weeps, and slighted Gallus burns !
 ' In melting strains see gentle Waller bleed ;
 ' Unmov'd she heard what none unmov'd can read.
 ' And thou who, oft with such ambitious choice,
 ' Hast rais'd to Mira thy aspiring voice,
 ' What profit thy neglected zeal repays ?
 ' Ah ! what return ? ungrateful to thy praise !
 ' Change, change thy style, with mortal rage re-
 ' Unjust disdain, and pride oppose to scorn : [turn
 ' Search all the secrets of the fair and young,
 ' And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy tongue ;
 ' The sharp detractor with success assails,
 ' Sure to be gentle to the man that rails.
 ' Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
 ' Are only fierce when they discover fear.'

Thus spake the god, and upward mounts in air,
 In just resentment of his past despair.
 Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
 The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall :
 Not one shall 'scape of all the cox'ning sex ;
 Vex'd shall they be who so delight to vex.
 In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
 My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender love ;
 Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write,
 Turns all to soft complaint and am'rous flight.
 Begone, fond thoughts, begone ! be bold, said I,
 Satire's thy theme—in vain again I try :

So charming Mira to each sense appears,
My soul adores, my rage dissolves in tears.

So the gall'd lion, smarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the forest sound;
With his strong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his side with more provoking smart,
Till, having spent his voice in fruitless cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my Soul! of worldly noise,
Of airy pomp and fleeting joys.
What does this busy world provide at best
But brittle goods that break like glass;
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass.
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah! how vain,
And how short-liv'd, those glories are
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see:
Such Helen is, such, Mira! thou must be.

III.

How short is life ! why will vain courtiers toil,
 And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile ?
 What is that monarch but a mortal man,
 His crown a pageant, and his life a span ?
 With all his guards and his dominions, he
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things :
 One destin'd period men in common have, "
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave, }
 All food alike for worms, companions in the grave. }
 The prince and parasite together lie :
 No fortune can exalt but Death will climb as high.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING

THE princes sat. Beauty and Law contend :
 The queen of Love will her own cause defend.
 Secure she looks, as certain none can see
 Such Beauty plead and not her captive be.

* King Charles II. having made a grant of the revenue of an office in the Court of King's Bench to his son the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Chief Justice laying claim to it, as a perquisite legally belonging to his office, the cause came to be heard before the House of Lords, between the Duchess, relist of the said Duke, and the Chief Justice.

What need of words with such commanding eyes?
 'Must I then speak? O Heav'n's!' the charmer cries:
 'O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
 'From Eloquence to charm or to persuade!
 'Will Discord never leave, with envious Care,
 'To raise debate? But Discord governs here.
 'To Juno, Pallas, wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 'I long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
 'Confess'd to sight, three goddesses descend
 'On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
 'Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue
 'A gift that only could be Beauty's due.
 'Honours and wealth the gen'rous judge denies,
 'And gives the triumph to the brightest eyes.
 'Such precedents are numberless: we draw
 'Our right from custom; custom is a law:
 'As high as heav'n, as wide as seas or land,
 'As ancient as the world, is our command.
 'Mars and Alcides would this plea allow;
 'Beauty was ever absolute till now.
 'It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
 'And, right or wrong, he should his claim resign.
 'Not bears nor tigers sure so savage are
 'As these ill-manner'd monsters of the bar.
 'I loud Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine
 'Whose matchless form, to counterbalance mine,

* A report spread of a beautiful young lady, since to the Lord Chief Justice, who would appear at the bar of the House of Lords, and eclipse the charms of the Duchess of Grafton. No such lady was ever there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

' By dint of beauty shall extort your grace :
 ' Let her appear, this rival, face to face ;
 ' Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide :
 ' Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.
 ' Was 't a vain promise and a gownsman's lie ?
 ' Or stands she here unmark'd when I am by ?
 ' So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elis round
 ' Another Jupiter was said to sound ;
 ' On brazen floors the royal actor tries
 ' To ape the thunder rattling in the skies ;
 ' A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
 ' Affects the fork'd lightning's pointed rays :
 ' Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
 ' Thro' crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.
 ' The Sire Omnipotent prepares the brand
 ' By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
 ' Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
 ' And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.
 ' Presumptuous Wretch ! with mortal art to dare
 ' Immortal pow'r, and brave the Thunderer.
 ' Cuckoope preferring, with disdain,
 ' Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain :
 ' The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
 ' Is doom'd to be devour'd : the mother's borne
 ' Above the clouds, where, by immortal light
 ' Never'd, she shines, expos'd to human sight,
 ' And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
 ' As an eternal terror to mankind.
 ' Did thus the gods such private nymphs respect ?
 ' What vengeance might the quern of Love expect !

' But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain,
 Wav'd let them be; mere justice shall obtain.
 ' Who to a husband justlier can succeed
 ' Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed?
 ' Or to a father's right lay stronger claim
 ' Than the dear youth in whom survives his name
 ' Behold that youth, consider whence he springs,
 ' And in his royal veins respect your kings;
 ' Immortal Jove, upon a mortal she,
 ' Begat his sire; second from Jove is he.
 ' Well did the father blindly fight your cause,
 ' Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
 ' If by those laws, for which he lost his life
 ' You spoil ungratefully the son and wife.
 ' What need I more? 'tis treason to dispute:
 ' The grant was royal; that decides the suit.
 ' Shall vulgar laws imperial pow'r constrain?
 ' Kings and the gods can never act in vain.'

She finish'd here, the queen of ev'ry grace!
 Disdain vermilioning her heav'nly face:
 Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult rise,
 And our wish sparkles in a thousand eyes.
 O might some champion finish these debates,
 My sword should end what now my pen relates!
 Up rose the Judge, on each side bending low,
 A crafty smile accompanies his bow;
 Ulysses-like, a grating pause he makes,
 Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.

* The Duke of Grafton, slain at the siege of Corbe in Ireland
 about the beginning of the Revolution.

' In you, my Lords who judge ! and all who hear,
 ' Methinks I read your wishes for the fair :
 ' Nor can I wonder ; even I contend
 ' With inward pain, unwilling to offend ;
 ' Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence
 ' That may displease such heav'nly excellence.
 ' Might we the laws on any terms abuse,
 ' So bright an influence were the best excuse.
 ' I let Niobe's* just fate, the vile disgrace
 ' Of the Propætidæ† polluted race,
 ' Let death, or shame, or lunacy surprise
 ' Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes.
 ' Aloud the fairest of the sex complain
 ' Of captives lost, and loves invok'd in vain ;
 ' At her appearance all their glory ends,
 ' And not a star but sets when she ascends.
 ' Where Love presides still may she bear the prize,
 ' But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes :
 ' Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
 ' Minos and Rhadamanthus‡ disavow :
 ' Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
 ' Deaf to persuasion, to temptation blind,
 ' Determines without favour, and the laws
 ' O'erlook the parties to decide the cause.

* Niobe, turned into a stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.

† Propætidæ, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stones.

‡ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legislators, who, for their strict administration of justice, were, after their deaths, made chief judges in the infernal regions.

'What then avails it that a beardless boy
 Took a rash fancy for a female toy?
 'Th'insulted Argives, with a numerous host,
 Pursue revenge, and seek the Dardani coast.
 'Tho' the gods built, and tho' the gods defend,
 Those lofty towers, the hostile Greeks ascend,
 Nor leave they till the town in ashes lies,
 And all the race of royal Priam dies.
 'The queen of Paphos*, mixing in the fray,
 Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
 'In person in the foremost ranks she stands,
 Provokes the charge, directs, assists, commands.
 'Stern Diomed, advancing high in air
 His lofty jav'lin, strikes the heav'nly fair;
 'The vaulted skies with her loud shrieks resound,
 And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
 'In causes just would all the gods oppose,
 'Twere honest to dispute; so Cato chose.
 'Dismiss that plea, and what shall blood avail?
 'If Beauty is deny'd, shall Birth prevail?
 'Blood and high deeds in distant ages done
 Are our forefathers' merit, not our own.
 'Might now a just possession be allow'd
 But who could bring desert, or boast of blood,
 What numbers, ev'n here, might be condemn'd,
 Stripp'd and despoil'd of all, revil'd, condemn'd
 Take a just view, how many may remark
 Who now's a peer his grandfater was a clerk.

' Some few remain, ennobled by the sword
 ' In Gothic times: but now, to be My Lord,
 ' Study the law; nor do these robes despise;
 ' Honour the gown, from whence your honours rise.
 ' Those fam'd Dictators who subdu'd the globe
 ' Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe.
 ' The mighty Julius pleading at the bar
 ' Was greater than when, thund'ring in the war,
 ' He conquer'd nations. 'Tis of more renown
 ' To save a client than to storm a town.

' How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
 ' What blood has she not lavish'd in their cause
 ' Kings are like common slaves to slaughter led,
 ' Or wander thro' the world to beg their bread.
 ' When regal pow'r aspires above the laws,
 ' A private wrong becomes a public cause.'

He spoke. The nobles differ, and divide;
 Some join with Law, and some with Beauty side.
 Mordaunt, tho' once her slave, insults the fair
 Whose fetters 'twas his pride in youth to wear.
 So Lucifer, revolting, brav'd the Power
 Whom he was wont to worship and implore:
 Like impious is their rage who have in chase
 A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
 But Rochester, undaunted, just, and wise,
 Asserts the goddess with the charming eyes:
 And, O! may Beauty never want reward
 For thee, her noble champion and her guard.
 Beauty triumphs, and Law submitting lies;
 The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries:
 Conquest can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face,
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,
 Adjusting to his object his design;
 We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
 But as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
 Poets are limners of another kind,
 To copy out ideas in the mind;
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
 And Nature sits the object to be drawn: {shown,
 The written picture we applaud, or blame,
 But as the due proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
 Or, void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
 Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
 Produce, which Nature, shock'd, disdains to own.
 By true reflection I would see my face;
 Why brings the fool a magnifying-glass?
 ' (1) But poetry in fiction takes delight,
 ' And, mounting in bold figures out of sight,
 ' Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight: }

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Fables, Poems, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimeras: but being however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature shall be reputed as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of Nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance, as dreams and gauds for monsters.

' Fables and metaphors that always lie,
 ' And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
 ' And every ornament of verse must die.'

}

Mistake me not ; no figures I exclude,
 And but forbid intemperance, not food.
 Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
 So mimicks truth, it looks the very same ;
 Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important truths still let your fables hold,
 And moral mysteries with art unfold.
 Ladies and beaux to please is all the task,
 But the sturp critic will instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
 Such metaphors appear when right apply'd ;
 When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
 Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense ;
 The reader, what in reason's due, believes ;
 Nor can we call that false which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
 Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd :

(1) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a Lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal sense be false, the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by presenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(2) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: some are, as it were, naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer, speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself; Martial of Zelus, rudeness itself. Such hyperboles be indeed, but deceive

Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
 They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight;
 Presenting things impossible to view,
 They wander, thro' incredible, to true:
 Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
 Such vaunts as his who can with patience read,
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead:
 ' (4) Kill'd as he was, insensible of death,
 ' He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath

us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperbole; for example, by irony, as when we say of some infamous woman, she is a civil person, where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the letter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight, I remember one of British growth of the like nature.

See these dead bodies hence convey'd with ease,
 Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I choose rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that such as are curious of the like excesses will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp, but the soul and body once parted, there must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quid unque ostendit mihi sic incredulus ossi.

I cannot forbear quoting, on this occasion, an example for the present purpose, two noble lines of Jasper May's, in the collection of the *Strived Verses* printed in the year 1641, upon the death of my grandfather Sir Bevil Grenville, slain in the heat of

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts unarming in the reared sky.
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Cannibal, weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untamable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies, [dies.
With looks still threat'ning, mocks their rage and
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muse: let truth be even there;
As painters flatter so many poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true.

'(5) The day that she was born the Cyprian Queen
'Had like t' have died thro' envy and thro' spleen;

action at the battle of Lamadowne. The poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers, animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes:

Thus he being slain, his action fright'ned new,
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living slew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature: it is then only that the dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle naquit, Vint bien qu'immortelle,
Peut mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
Les Graces a l'envi descendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ses jeux
Et l'Amour, qui ne put entrer dans son courage,
Voulut obstinément lacer ses vœux.*

This is a lover's description of his mistress by the great Creator; even, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn eye. Wait, and he will see how much more naturally

' The Graces in a hurry left the skies
' To have the honour to attend her eyes ;

and delicately the English author treats the article of love than the celebrated Frenchman. I would not however be thought, by any derogatory quotation, to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and justly established in all nations ; but, as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings---*humanum est errare*. I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I, King of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus :

Under this marble who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lie but part?
No---here he lies all---for he was all heart.

The author was a Cascon, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welchman : for which purpose I am farther furnished from the fore-mentioned collection of Oxford Verses, with an epigram by Martin Lucilin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the Muses ?

Thus slain thy valiant ancestor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy ;
When now encompass'd round he victor stood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood,
Till all the purple current dy'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where spail the next fair d Granville's ashes stand?
Thy grandure's all the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down, the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but failure, which is more sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea; the Welchman, however, must be allowed to have outdone the famous. The beauty of the French epigram appears

* Sir Richard's Granville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-ships of the best men of war.

' And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
' Would needs take up his lodging in her face*.'
Tho' wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense, sure could never please.
Waller, the best of all th' inspired train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

(6) The Roman wit†, who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!

at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to benbow, through the incredible to true.

(5) *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a
n of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the

compare the divinity ascribed to an heroic man; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it; and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: success implies permission, and not approbation; ... place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partners of all successful wickedness; to judge right, we must wait ... the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence; and the violent death of Cato acquits the gods from being companions of his misfortune.

Lucan was a determined Republican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.

* Corneille.

† Lucan.

MISCELLANIES.

The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
 I am not parties in an impious deed,
 And by the tyrant's murder we may find
 That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

'Tis forcing truth with such prepos't'rous praise,
 Our characters we lessen when we'd raise;
 Like castles built by magic art in air,
 That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear,
 But rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
 As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our King return'd*, and banish'd Peace re-
 The Muse run mad to see her exal'd lord; [stor'd;

(8) Mr. Dryden in one of his prologues has these two lines:

He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
 There is a trade in plays as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain, where he has exposed himself to the critics, he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself, a hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose labours are his daily bread be delivered from this cruel necessity, unless some more certain encouragement could be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre he put under some more impartial management, out of the jurisdiction of party. Who write to live must necessarily comply with their taste in whose approbation they submit: some generous praise, or private misfortune like Richelieu, can only find a remedy. In his epistle dedicatory to *The Spanish Friar*, this accomplished poet thus consoles himself:

'I remember some verses of my own *Maximin* and *Almonax* which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, &c. All I can say for those passages which are, I hope, not many, is, that I know they were *but* enough to please even when I wrote them; but I repeat of those winning my way, and if any of these fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a sword over those ballads of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself in reputation by the applause of *Socle*. It is not that I am insensible to all ambition, but I mean

* King Charles II.

On the crack'd stage the bedlum heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word :
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage :
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin
Almanzor's rage and rants of Maximin :
That fury spent, in each elaborate piece
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next*, like
light,

To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight ;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They give us patterns, and they set us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide :
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame :
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That ev'ry line the test of truth endure :

* as much to take it from half-witted judges as I should to raise
* an estate by cheating of bubble— neither do I discommend the
* lofty style in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent ;
* but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper.

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr Dryden
against his critics; and likewise for an unquestionable authority
to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends
to lay down ; for nothing can be just and proper but what is
built upon truth.

• Earl of Melfort's Essay upon Poetry, and Lord Roscom-
mon's upon Translated Verse.

On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Forsaken Truth seeks shelter in the grove :
Cherish, ye Muses! the neglected fair,
And take into your train the abandon'd wanderer.

THE RELIEF.

Of two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge be kind —
Flavia be kind ; the remedy's as sure ;
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by knowledge, and at best
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

FOR LIBERALITY.

Thou' safe thou think'st thy treasure lies,
Hidden in chests from human eyes,

A fire may come, and it may be
 Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
 Thy vessel that yon' ocean stems,
 Loaded with golden dust and gems,
 Purchas'd with so much pains and cost,
 Yet in a tempest may be lost.
 Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankless crew,
 Priests, pickpockets, and lawyers too,
 All help by several ways to drain,
 Thanking themselves for what they gain.
 The liberal are secure alone,
 For what we frankly give for ever is our own.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS,

'**W**hy pines my dear?' to Fulvia, his young bride,
 Who weeping sat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
 'Alas!' said she, 'such visions break my rest,
 'The strangest thoughts! I think I am possess'd:
 'My symptoms I have told to men of skill,
 'And if I would—they say—I might be well.'
 'Take their advice,' said he, 'my poor dear wife!
 'I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.'
 Blushing she would excuse, but all in vain;
 A doctor must be fetch'd to ease her pain. [Tom's,
 Hard press'd, she yields. From White's, or Wills, or
 No matter which, he's summoned, and he comes,

The melting soul, in rapture lost,
Knows not which charm enchants it most,

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true
At once find credit, and renew.
No charms like Clavering's voice surprise,
Except the magic of her eyes.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMA et similis regnat, Ludovice, tonanti,
Viri summam, summa cum pietate, geris;
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cocant toto Titania fœdera Itheno,
Illa Aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna stand,
In pow'r supreme as in command;
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Austria's refuge and brave Bourbon's dread.

Titavian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
 When to the Eagle you the thunder join.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton ! arise,
 Goddess of Love and of the Day ;
 Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
 And shew the sun a brighter ray :
 Phoebus in vain calls forth the blushing morn ;
 He but creates the day which you adorn.
 The lark, that wont with warbling throat
 Early to salute the skies,
 Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
 Disclaiming day till you arise.
 Goddess ! awake, thy beams display,
 Restore the universe to light :
 When Hamilton appears then dawns the day,
 And when she disappears begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vixen ~~men~~
 (For lovers never, never ~~wait~~
 Wait for the rising of the ~~sun~~,
 To offer songs and hymns of pray
 Like Persians to the sun :
 As 'a live, and death, and fate, are there ;

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

73

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down
The dying should revive, the living die,
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown.

CHORUS.

'Awake, bright Hamilton! arise,
'Goddess of Love and of the day;
'Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
'And shew the sun a brighter ray:
'Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn;
'He but creates the day which you adorn.'



A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Of kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt,
If crimes which your forefathers blush'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People! who your kings distress;
Tremble, ye Kings! for people you oppress:
Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forty rods.
The rise and fall of empire's from the gods.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see ;
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

HER NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her name,
Whose eyes have kindled such a flame ;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been sung had she been seen :
Who set the very gods at war
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'n's 'tis true !
The sun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
Not ev'n his own reflected light.
So sweet a face ! such graceful mien !
Who can this be ?—'Tis Howard—or Bullenden.

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'ARVINGT.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to bear her,

As he stood gazing on her face,
 Enchanted with each matchless grace,
 Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,
 Which never fails to reach the heart:
 She seizes it, and arms her hand,
 'Tis thus I Love himself command:
 'Now tremble, cruel Boy!' she said,
 'For all the mischief you have made.'

The god, recov'ring his surprise,
 Trusts to his wings, away he flies;
 Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
 And leaves his whole artillery behind.
 Princess! restore the boy his useless darts,
 With surer charms you captivate our hearts,
 Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
 Death only can release us from your chain.



EXPLICATION EN FRANÇOIS.

CUPIDON DESARME.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse d'Avoygne.

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toujours auprès d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: comme il admiroit un jour ses graces inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame et de ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramassa soudain, et s'armant la belle main,

‘C’est ainsi,’ dit elle, ‘ que je me rend maitresse
de l’Amour: tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux
vanger tous les maux que tu as fait.’

Le dieu etonné, revenant de sa surprise, se fiant
à ses ailes, s’échappe, et s’envole vite comme une
flèche qui rend l’air, et lui laisse la possession de
toute son artillerie.

Princesse ! rendez lui ses armes; qui vous sont
inutiles: la Nature vous a donnée des charmes
plus puissants: les captives de l’Amour souvent re-
couvrent la liberté; il n’y a que la mort seule qui
puisse affranchir les vôtres.

CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee is treasure lost:
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou smell’st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee,

THE WILD BOAR’S DEFENCE.

A BOAR who had enjoy’d a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call’d to account, softening his savage eyes,
Then, suppliant, plead’d his cause before he dies.
‘For what am I condemn’d? My crime’s no more
‘To eat a man than years to eat a Boar.

' We seek not you, but take what chance provides,
 ' Nature and mere necessity our guides.
 ' You murder us in sport, then dish us up
 ' For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup.
 ' We lengthen not our meals ; but you must feast,
 ' Gorge till your-bellies burst—Pray, who's the
 ' With your humanity you keep a fuss, [beast ?
 ' But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.
 ' We prey not on our kind, but you, dear Brother !
 ' Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other.
 ' Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour
 strives, [wives,
 ' Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands,
 ' By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,
 ' Destroy each other, ev'ry mother's son.'

BACCHUS DISARMED.

To Mrs. Laura Dillon, now Lady Falkland.

BACCHUS! to arms, the enemy's at hand,
Laura appears; stand to your glasses, stand;
The god of Love the god of Wine defies,
Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus! to arms! and, to resist the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart:
Fly, Bacchus! fly, there's treason in the cup;
For Love comes pouring in with ev'ry drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
Fly, Bacchus! fly, resistance is in vain.

Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

Spoken by way of Epilogue at the first representation of the British Enchanters.

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,
And as at Delphos when the foaming priest,
Full of his god, proclaims the distant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come,
My lab'ring mind so struggles to unfold
On British ground a future Age of Gold;
But lest incredulous you hear—behold:

}

Here a scene representing the Queen, and the several triumphs of her Majesty's reign.

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
With grace sublime, and with imperial mien,
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
Next to her side victorious Marl'ro' stands
Waiting, observant of her dread commands:
The Queen ordains, and, like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decrees.
In ev'ry line of her auspicious face
Soft mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry grace:
So angelic look, and so, when Heaven's decrees,
They scourge the world to piety and peace.

Empress and Conqueror, hail! thee Patrons ordain
 O'er all the willing world sole arbitress to reign:
 To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
 Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind;
 Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,
 For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care,
 Nations of conquest proud thou tam'st, to free,
 Denouncing war, presenting liberty:
 The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,
 For in thy triumph their redemption lies:
 Freedom and peace for ravish'd fame you give,
 Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve:
 So the sun scorches and revives by turns,
 Requiring with rich metals where he burns.
 Taught by this great example to be just,
 Succeeding kings shall well fulfil their trust;
 Discord, and war, and tyranny shall cease,
 And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
 Princes and states, like subjects, shall agree
 To treat her pow'r, safe in her piety.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inscribed to Lord Falkland.

I.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
 Renew'dst forums and arms, in war and peace:

GRANVILLE.

R

MISCELLANIES.

My kinsman, and my friend! from whence thus
curse

Hath fall'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

II.

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
Seeks to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so unprov'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, possesses ev'ry heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art:
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

IV.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treach'rous end;
Your greatest foe is your professing friend;
The soul resign'd is guarded, and secure,
The wound is slight, and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar,
Plead and decide, but gold 's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

VI.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray;
And senators vote, as armies fight, for pay;

The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mould, a puny race :
From such defenders what can Britain hope ?
And where, O Liberty ! is now thy prop ?

VIII.

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged sports to dare a foe :
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle ;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the hosts of Spain,
To dye in purple Almanara's plain.

XI.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd :
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.



FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
 Fickle and false to others she may be,
 I can complain but of her constancy.

——— Virtutem a me,
 Fortunam ex aliis. ———

CHLOE.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well her heart is tender;
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
 With lib'ral hand to please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 • A boundless bent to ease us,

ON THE SAME.

Breast as the day, and like the morning fair,
 Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
 Chloe complains, and wond'rously is griev'd.
 That free, and lavish of a beauteous face,
 The fairest and the foulest of her race:
 She's mine, or thine; and strolling up and down,
 Sucks in more filth than any sink in town,
 I not deny; this I have said, 'tis true:
 What, wrong! to give so bright a nymph her due?

ON THE SAME.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay furms aside:
 'Twas I was modest, not she chaste;
 Chloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear:
 Say, Love! how came your slave so dull
 To read no better there?

Thus, to ourselves the greatest foes,
 Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,
 For want of courage to propose,
 By our own folly she's unkind.

'CORINNA.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
 Was coy to ev'ry lover ;
 Regardless of the tend'rest truth,
 No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers : all at her feet
 Lay prostrate and adoring ;
 The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
 In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair
 Her loss of time and pleasure,
 With willing eyes and wanton air
 Inviting ev'ry gazer.

But love's a summer-flower that dies
 With the first weather's changing ;
 The lover like the swallow flies,
 From sun to sun still ranging.

Mira ! let this example move
 Your foolish heart to reason :
 Youth is the proper time for love,
 And age is virtue's season.

ON THE SAME.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
 She vows she'll never more be coy;
 She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure:
 Eternal draughts do not suffice;
 'O! give me, give me more,' she cries,
 'This all too little, little measure.'

Thus wisely she makes up for time
 Mispent while youth was in its prime:
 So travellers who waste the day,
 Careful and cautious of their way,
 Noting at length the setting sun,
 They bend their pace as night comes on,
 Double their speed to reach their inn,
 And whip and spur thro' thick and thin.

 BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride 's an arrant cheat,
 A foolish artifice to blind,
 Some honest glance that scorns deceit,
 Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and frow'd disdain,
 She idly acts the saint;
 We see thro' this disguise as plain
 As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design
 With formal looks to pass for wise ;
 But Nature is a light will shine,
 And break thro' all disguise.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wish: she weds a peer ;
 Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear ;
 Persia and both the Indies must provide,
 To grace her pomp and gratify her pride :
 Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,
 And gems surround her lovely neck like stars.
 Drawn by six grays of the proud Belgian kind,
 With a long train of livery beaux behind,
 She charms the Park, and sets all hearts on fire,
 The ladies envy and the men desire.
 Beholding thus, ' O happy as a queen !'
 We cry. But shift the gaudy flatt'ring scene ;
 View her at home in her domestic light,
 For thither she must come, at least at night,
 What has she there ? a surly ill-bred lord,
 Who chides and stamps her up at ev'ry word ;
 A brutal squire, while she holds his head,
 With drunken roars disturbs the nuptial bed :
 Sick to the heart, he breathes the nauseous fumes
 Of odious stews that poison all the room :
 Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
 And counts the tedious hours when she may rise ;

But most she fears lest, waking, she should find,
 To make amends, the monster would be kind.
 Those matchless beauties, worthy of a god,
 Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome load.
 What then may be the chance that next ensues ?
 Some vile disease fresh reeking from the stews :
 The secret venom, circling in her veins,
 Works thro' her skin, and bursts in bloating stains;
 Her cheeks their freshness lose and wonted grace,
 And an unusual paleness spreads her face :
 Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath,
 Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth :
 Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains,
 And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.
 The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,
 Charges on her the guilt of their disease,
 Affecting fury, acts a madman's part ;
 He'll rip the fatal secret from her heart !
 Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names ;
 In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims ;
 Scarce with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to shame, }
 In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame, }
 Rots with a vile adulteress's name ;
 Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
 And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the just gods provide
 For those who barter liberty for pride ;
 Who impiously invoke the pow'rs above
 To witness to false vows of mutual love.

Thousands of poor Cleoras may be found;
Such husbands and such wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs ! the arbiters of bliss,
Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this:
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas ! a spark too much of pride :
Reform that failing, and protect her still ;
O save her from the curse of choosing ill !
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves these wishes, or provokes this pray'r.
Tho' worse than death I dread to see those charms
Allotted to some happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought ! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain :
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wish but for her sake alone.
Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

L.

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in
alliance,
With forces united, bid resistless defiance ;
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their
 colour,
 As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour ;
 Each dart dipp'd in wine gives a wound beyond
 curing,
 And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more
 enduring.

III.

Then, Phyllis ! begin, let our raptures abound,
 And a kiss and a glass be still going round ;
 Relieving each other our pleasures are lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting.

 ON AN ILL-FAVORED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good let no man doubt,
 Which I, his friend and servant—thus make out :
 In ev'ry line of his perfidious face
 The secret malice of his heart we trace ;
 So fair the warning, and so plainly writ,
 Let none condemn the light that shows a pit,
 Corles, whose face finds credit for his heart,
 Who can escape so smooth a villain's art ?
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that can persuade,
 Seeing, we trust, thw' out to be betray'd :

His looks are snares, but Macro's cry 'beware ;'
 Believe not tho' ten thousand oaths he swear.
 If thou 'rt decciv'd, observing well this rule,
 Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
 In this one point he and his looks agree,
 As they betray their master—so did he.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd : we play
 A round or two ; when us'd we throw away ;
 Take a fresh pack : nor is it worth our grieving
 Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

ADIEU TAMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease ;
 If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace.
 Since for the pleasures of an hour,
 We must endure an age of pain,
 I'll be this abject thing no more :
 Love ! give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast ;
 Now Jealousy, a more cruel guest.
 O ! for the peace of humankind,
 Make women longer true or sooner kind.
 With justice, or with mercy reign,
 O Love ! or give me back my heart again.

SENT TO CLARINDA,

WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED

LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
 Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
 When that is done, then tell the fair
 That I endure much more for her.
 Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,
 Must view her eyes and read my heart.



WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE TOWER

WHERE SIR RT. WALPOLE HAD BEEN CONFINED.

GOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling;
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

EPISTLES.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy accomplishment of the marriage between His Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d'Esté, of Modena. Written several years after, in imitation of the style of Mr. Waller.

His Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
 Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
 So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
 And all our prospects, gallant York! in thee.
 By the same wish aspiring queens are led,
 Each languishing, to mount his royal bed;
 His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame,
 Create in ev'ry breast a rival flame;
 Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
 As if no distance could secure their crowns:
 Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
 To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend:
 Beauty the price, there need no other art;
 Love is the surest bait for heroes' hearts;
 Nor can the fair conceal as high concern
 To see the prince for whom, unseen, they burn.

Brave York ! attending to the gen'ral voice,
 At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice :
 To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,
 Of his great heart he gives the sacred trust.
 'Thy choice,' said he, 'shall well direct that heart
 'Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a part :
 'In council oft, and oft in battle try'd,
 'Betwixt thy master and the world decide.'

The chosen Mercury prepares t' obey
 This high command. Gently, ye Winds ! convey,
 And with auspicious gales his safety wait,
 On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
 So Jason, with his Argonauts, from Greece
 To Colchos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.
 As when the goddesses came down of old
 On Ida's hill, so many ages told,
 With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
 And each bade high to win him to her side ;
 So tempt they him, and emulously vie
 To bribe a voice that empires would not buy :
 With balls and banquets his pleas'd sense they bait,
 And queens and kings upon his pleasures wait.

Th' impartial judge surveys, with vast delight,
 All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright ;
 Then, strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
 To radiant Esté gives the royal prize.
 Of antique stock her high descent she brings,
 Born to renew the race of Britain's kings.
 Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
 United all that Paris found in three ?

O equal pair ! when both were set above
 All other merit but each other's love.
 Welcome, bright Princess ! to Great Britain's shore,
 As Berecynthia to high heav'n, who bore
 That shining race of goddesses and gods
 That fill'd the skies, and rul'd the blest abodes :
 From thee my Muse expects, as noble themes,
 Another Mars and Jove, another Jauncs :
 Our future hopes all from thy womb arise,
 Our present joy and safety from your eyes ;
 Those charming eyes ! which shone to reconcile
 To harmony and peace our stubborn Isle.
 On brazen Memnon Phœbus casts a ray,
 And the tough metal so salutes the day.

The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,
 Contends not now but for the second place ;
 Our love suspended, we neglect the fair
 For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
 So sang the Syrens, with enchanting sound,
 Enticing all to listen and be drown'd,
 Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain ;
 They ceas'd to sing, or, singing, charm'd in vain.

This bless'd alliance, Peterborough ! may
 Th' indebted nation bounteously repay ;
 Thy statues, for the Genius of our land,
 With palm adorn'd, on ev'ry threshold stand.

Utique modo dicere possem
 Carmin digna Dea : curæ est Dea curare digna.



TO THE KING,

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auspicious be,
 And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
 Scarce hadst thou time t' unsheath thy conqu'ring
 It did but glitter, and the rebels fled. [blat,
 Thy sword, the safeguard of thy brother's throne,
 Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
 Throughout the world to court so firm a friend;
 The guilty senates that refus'd thy sway,
 Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
 Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
 Confess their frenzy, and confirm their king:
 Who with their venom overspread thy soil,
 Those scorpions of the state present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dress'd,
 Altho' by daily miracles confess'd,
 Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
 The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuse;
 But when they saw such terror in the skies,
 The temple rent, their King in glory rise,
 Seiz'd with amaze they own'd their lawful Lord,
 And, struck with guilt, bow'd, trembled, and ador'd.

TO THE KING.

Thou train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
 Thou choosest not to conquer men, but hearts;
 Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
 But thou prefer'st the name of Just to Great.
 So Jove suspends his subject-world to doom,
 Which would he please to thunder he'd consume.
 O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead
 Return on earth, and quit th' Elysian shade,
 Brutus to James would trust the people's cause;
 Thy justice is a stronger guard than laws:
 Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,
 Nor Cæsar and great Pompey rivals be,
 Or rivals only who should best obey,
 And Cato give his voice for regal sway.

TO THE KING.

Heroes of old, by rapine and by spoil,
 In search of fame did all the world embroil.
 Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
 This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
 With equal valour, and the same success,
 Dread King! might'st thou the universe oppress;
 But Christian laws constrain thy martial pride;
 Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide:

By thy example kings are taught to sway,
 Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray.

From gods descended, and of race divine,
 Nestor in council and Ulysses shine ;
 But in a day of battle all would yield
 To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield.
 Their very deities were grac'd no more ;
 Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore :
 But all perfections meet in James alone,
 And Britain's king is all the gods in one.



TO MR. WALLER,

IN ANSWER TO MR. WALLER'S VERSES TO THE
 AUTHOR.

WHEN into Lybia the young Grecian came,
 To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame ;
 When from the sacred tripod where he stood,
 The priest, inspir'd, saluted him a god ;
 Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew,
 Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.
 Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show,
 Have more than empire, and immortal grow ;
 Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,
 When in thy verse of greater gods they're told ;
 Our beauteous queen and royal James's name
 For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by fame ;

Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command
And Sacharissa shall for Venus stand ;
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.



TO MIRA.

I.

W^{AR}N'D and made wise by others' flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came ;
Shunning the sex that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

II.

But ah ! in vain from fate we fly ;
For, first or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above
That, first or last, we all must love.

III.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,
By one bright spark from Mira thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

TO MIRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like sudden death it came :
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd ;
The case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before
I add a thousand graces more,
And Fancy blows into a flame
The spark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught :
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

TO MIRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn heart !
O Death ! how slow to take my part !
Whatever I pursue denies ;
Death, Death itself, like Mira flies.

II.

Love and Despair, like twins, possess
At the same fatal birth my breast :
No hope could be ; her scorn was all
That to my destin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas ! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no snow fell ;
Like plants that kindly heat require
To be maintain'd by constant fire.

IV.

That without hope 'twould die as soon,
A little hope—but I have none.
On air the poor chameleons thrive ;
Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

V.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
And grow in spite of winds, and spread,

The more the tempest tears and shakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death, to others' love ;
That poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart ?
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endless pain, and never die.



TO MIRA.

Nature indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that excel some use design'd.
The radiant sun, of ev'ry heav'nly light
The first, (did Mira not dispute that right,)
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down,
Nor is he set so high for show alone ;
His beams reviving with auspicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
The moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the sight.

Plants, fruits, and flow'rs, the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use ;
Health they restore, and nourishment they give ;
We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.

Then think not, Mira ! that thy form was meant
More to create desire than to content.
Would the just gods so many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride ?
Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex ?
'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And beauty should be kind as well as charm.

TO MIRA.

SIXCE truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

In courts and cities could you see
How well the wanton fools agree ;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove,
Exposing er'ry beauty bare,
Descended to the Trojan hair ;

Yet this was she whom poets name
Goddess of chastity and fame.

Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day ;
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit ;
Then down they take the stubborn bow ;
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know ;
Thus twenty cheerful winters past ;
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.

Smile, Mira ! then ; reward my flame,
And be as much secure of fame.
By all those matchless beauties fir'd,
By my own matchless love inspir'd,
So will I sing, such wonders write,
That, when th' astonish'd world shall cite
A nymph of spotless worth and fame,
Mira shall be th' immortal name.

TO MIRA.

I.

So calm and so serene but now,
What means this change on Mira's brow ?
Her anguish love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,
When on her pity I depend,

My airy hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy hill with pain
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MIRA.

I.

THOUGHTFUL nights and restless waking,
Oh the pains that we endure !
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has Love to run !
False protesting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry, way undone.

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, passion rending,
Oh the pangs of jealousy !

IV.

From such painful ways of living,
Ah! how sweet! could love be free;
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce immortal ecstasy.

TO MIRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my un'rous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the least glance a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Mira's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vessel trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

TO MIRA.

LOST in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
 Whom now her smiles reviv'd her scorn destroys:
 She will, and she will not! she grants, denies,
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
 Approving and rejecting in a breath,
 Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death.
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
 How various are the torments I endure!
 Cruel estate of doubt! ah, Mira! try
 Once to resolve—Or let me live or die.



TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH, &c.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midst of snow,
 Of storms and blasts, the choicest fruits do grow?
 Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
 And strangers to the sun yet ripen here:
 On frozen ground the sweetest flow'rs arise,
 Unseen by any light but Flavia's eyes:
 Where'er she treads, beneath the charmer's feet
 The rose, the jasmine, and the lilies meet:
 Where'er she looks, behold some sudden birth
 Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth!

In midst of mountains and unfruitful ground
 As rich an Eden as the first is found.
 In this new paradise the goddess reigns
 In sov'reign state, and mocks the lover's pains :
 Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes
 Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies :
 Love from her lips spreads all his odours round,
 But bears on ice, and springs from frozen ground.
 So cold the clime that can such wonders bear,
 The garden seems an emblem of the fair.

TO FLAVIA.

HER GARDEN HAVING ESCAPED A FLOOD THAT HAD
 LAID ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND UNDER WATER.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect
 The torrent spares, and deluges respect ;
 So when the waters o'er the world were spread,
 Cor'ring each oak, and ev'ry mountain's head,
 The chosen Patriarch sul'd within his ark,
 Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.
 The charming Flavia is no less, we find,
 The favourite of Heav'n than of mankind :
 The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
 And vie with mortals to oblige the fair.
 These favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,
 Are but the homage which they send her down.
 O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
 Be crown'd with blessings endless as my love!

TO DAPHNE.

A ROMAN and a Greek our praise divide,
Nor can we yet who best deserv'd decide.
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, some for your eyes, declare :
Debates arise which captivates us most,
And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Cybele the lions, Pallas has the spear :
Poets such emblems to their gods assign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
Now for some ages kept the world in pain ;
Beauty by vast destructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known ;
But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much instructs the mind ;
Bless'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love ; and hearing, we grow wise :

So Rome, for wisdom as for conquest fam'd,
 Improv'd with arts whom she by arms had tam'd.
 Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
 Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight;
 Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
 Their language takes new music from her voice.
 Learning and Love in the same seat we find,
 So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.

Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
 But now descends confess'd to human eyes:
 Behold in Granville that inspiring queen
 Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.



TO THE
 COUNTESS OF NEWBOURGH,

INSISTING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD WHO I MEANT
 BY MIRA.

WITH Mira's charms, and my extreme despair,
 Long had my Muse amaz'd the reader's ear;
 My friends with pity heard the mournful sound,
 And all enquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
 Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,
 Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came
 So scatter'd fire from scatter'd Venerus flies,
 Unknown the source from whence these flames arise:

Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unbound.

Mira herself, touch'd with the moving song,
Would needs be told to whom those plaints belong;
My tim'rous tongue, not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess:
Impatient of excuse, she urges still,
Persists in her demand; she must, she will:
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal or to unfold,
She smiles—the goddess smiles!—and I grow bold.

My vows to Mira all were meant to thee,
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets each with sev'ral names;
For *Cythera* was invoc'd,
Athena for *Pallas* to *Tritonia* smok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou, the most divine,
Most lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Mira's thine.

TO MRS. HIGGONS,

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY THAT
LADY, AND SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RE-
TIREMENT, 1690.

CEASE, tempting Syren! cease thy flattering strain,
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain.

When the wiuds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
 What fool would trust the waves and quit the shore?
 Early and vain into the world I came,
 Big with false hopes, and eager after fame,
 Till looking round me ere the race began,
 Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.
 Reclaim'd by times, I from the lists retire,
 And thank the gods who my retreat inspire.
 In happier times our ancestors were bred,
 When virtue was the only path to tread.
 Give me, ye Gods! but the same road to fame;
 Whate'er my fathers dar'd I dare the same.
 Chang'd is the scene; some baneful planet rules
 An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
 Look now around, and with impartial eyes
 Consider and examine all who rise;
 Weigh well their actions and their treach'rous ends,
 How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;
 What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
 How many crush'd to make one monster great!
 Would you command, have Fortune in your pow'r?
 Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour!
 Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie;
 Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;
 Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
 A minister at least—perhaps a king.
 Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
 A mistress first, who bids alike to all;
 But on such terms as only suit the base;
 Honor denies, and shuns the foul embrace.

The honest man, who starves and is undone,
 Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
 Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring cause,
 He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws;
 But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
 He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
 Honors and life, th' usurper bids, and all
 That vain mistaken men Good-fortune call;
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
 An honest death, which he accepts, and dies.
 O glorious resolution! noble pride!
 More honor'd than the tyrant liv'd he dy'd;
 More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd, in his
 doom,

Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
 The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

On bones and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
 To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed: }
 This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
 Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honesty!
 Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tempt or frown,
 I stand prepar'd; my honor is my own.

Ye great Disturbers! who, in endless noise,
 In blood and rapine, seek unnat'ral joys;
 For what is all this bustle but to slay
 Those thoughts with which you dart ~~and~~ to alone?
 As men in misery, oppress'd with care,
 Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.

Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
 Regardless if the cause be bad or good.
 Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
 Of strutting pigmies, who would pass for gods :
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' school,
 Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool ;
 Who honour gen'rous Wycherley oppress,
 Possess'd of little, worthy of the best ;
 Rich in himself, in virtue that outshines,
 All but the fame of his immortal lines,
 More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain
 The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain ;
 What can I hope in courts, or how succeed ?
 Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
 And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
 Ere thriving honesty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
 Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free ;
 Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
 But lives at peace, within himself content ;
 In thought or act accountable to none,
 But to himself and to the gods alone.
 O sweetness of Content ! seraphic joy !
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of the
 mind ?
 Where but in shades remote from human-kind,
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
 But never comes within the palace-gate.

Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewell;
 Welcome, ye Groves! here let me ever dwell;
 From cares, from bus'ness and mankind, remove,
 All but the Muses and inspiring Love.
 How sweet the morn, how gentle is the night!
 How calm the ev'ning, and the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
 The crowded world, a mighty wood in show!
 Where sev'ral wand'ers travel day and night
 By diff'rent paths, and none are in the right.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF
 THE ANCIENT POETS.

As flow'rs transplanted from a southern sky
 But hardly bear, or in the rain die;
 Missing their native sun, at best retain
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain;
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
 Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
 Is a dead image and a senseless draught:
 While we transfuse the nimble spirit flies,
 Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.

Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
 Must imitate, with Roman force and fire,
 In elegance of style and phrase,—the same,
 And, in the sparkling genius and the flame:
 Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
 So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,
 Celestial Poet! soul of Harmony!
 That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.
 Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
 Never to die, and take to heav'n their flight:
 Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays, they shine,
 All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As Britain,—in rich soil abounding wide,
 Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,—
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
 To her own wool the silks of Asia joins;
 And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines;
 So Dryden, not contented with the fame
 Of his own Works, tho' an immortal name,
 To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,
 The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose,
 Feasting our sense so many various ways,
 Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
 That, by comparing others, all ~~men~~ ^{men}
 Who most excell'd are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN OF GRAN-
VILLE IN NORMANDY, BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THO' built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame,
 Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name ;
 And so shall thine, tho' with these walls were lost
 All the records our ancestors could boast.
 For Iatium conquer'd, and for Turnus slain,
 Atacus lives, tho' not one stone remain
 Where he arose. Nor art thou less renown'd
 For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.

Those arms* which, for nine centuries, had
 brav'd

The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd,
 Now torn by mortars, stand yet unshak'd
 (In nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd :
 Safe on thy Eagle's† wings they soar, above
 The rage of war or thunder to remove,
 Borne by the bird of Caucasus and of Jove.

* The Granville arms, still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

† He was created a Knight of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the Imperial Spread Eagle.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTIL,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick!—in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,—
Whose art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge or the general fire.
More lives he saves than perish in our wars,
And, faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
The bold carouser and advent'rous dame
Nor fear the fever nor refuse the flame;
Safe in his skill, from all restraint &c free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.
Sire of all arts*! defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life's so much our own;
(On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And by restoring Garth preserve mankind.



TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior chiefs† the voice of Fame divide;
Who best deserv'd, not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mighty conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, some for your eyes, declare;

* Apollo, god of Poetry and Music.

† Alexander and Caesar.

gazes arise, which captivates us most,
And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear ;
Venus, the dove ; Pallas, the shield and spear :
Poets such emblems to their gods assign :
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

SONGS.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA! how long must I despair,
And tax you with disdain;
Still to my tender love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardor sue,
Thyrsis! you know but one must move us,
Can I be yours and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both, alike, esteem I measure;
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

Mysterious guide of inclination,
 Tell me, Tyrant ! why am I,
 With equal merit, equal passion,
 Thus the victim chosen to die ?
 Why am I
 The victim chosen to die ?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends success,
 And fancy reason over-rules,
 Or why should virtue ever miss
 Reward, so often given to fools ?

'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
 But who alone is born to please :
 Love does predestinate our pity ;
 We choose but whom he first decrees,

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I :
 In vain ! in vain ! for when I try, [die,
 Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents
 Alas ! a thousand fears
 Still overawe when she appears ;
 My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd
 in tears.

SONG. TO MIRA.

'Foolish Love! begone,' said I,
 'Vain are thy attempts on me;
 'Thy soft allurements I defy:
 'Women, those fair dissemblers, fly;
 'My heart was never made for thee.'

Love heard, and straight prepar'd a dart:
 'Mira, revenge my cause,' said he.
 Too sure 'twas shot; I feel the smart,
 It rends my brain, and tears my heart.
 O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me.

SONG. TO MIRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly stars,
 Within this melancholy grove
 I waste my days and nights in tears,
 A victim to ungrateful Love.

The happy still, untimely, end:
 Death flies from grief; or why should I
 So many hours in sorrow spend,
 Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Powers ! take pity of my pain ;
This, only this, is my desire ;
Ah ! take from Mira her disdain,
Or let me with this sigh expire.

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY should a heart so tender break ?
O Mira ! give its anguish ease :
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,
That bosom to be prest ;
Your eyes to languish and look kind,
For am'rous arms your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right
Establish'd by the pow'rs above ;
The sun to give us warmth and light,
Mira to kindle love.

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY, cruel Creature ! why so bent
To vex a tender heart ?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great ;
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that 's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Mira ! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.



SONG.

THE happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing.
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
The happiest mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me -
Of all pains, the greatest pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

SONG.


Love is by fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in ev'ry feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature:
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy shall present
Objects of grief or of content,
That the lover 's bless'd, or dies.
Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
All in pow'rful Fancy lies.

SONG. TO CLARINDA.

It vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:


Pity pleading,
Love persuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.
Foolish creature! follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth's a treasure,
Love's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by time.



SONG. TO THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born, alone
To give us love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda! I would die for thee,—
If you're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.



DRINKING SONG. TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of Sleep! since it must be
That we must give some hours to thee,

Invite me not while the free bowl
Glow's in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore
When I can laugh and drink no more.
Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But, O ! if melting in my arms,
In some soft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle Slumber ! prythee stay,
Slowly, ah ! slowly bring the day ;
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
Such sweet delusion 's real joy.

PROLOGUES.



PROLOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS:

OR, *ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.*

As quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones,
 In sports and revels, long had reign'd like drones,
 Rousing at length, reflect, with guilt and shame,
 That not one stroke had yet been giv'n for fame,
 Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the past,
 To bold attempts and rugged labours haste:
 Our poet so, with like concern, reviews
 The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse:
 To am'rous toils, and to the silent grove,
 To Beauty's snares, and to deceitful Love,
 He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,
 And mounts the stage to bid immortal wars.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
 Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her shape.
 Here, like some general, she struts in state,
 While crowds in red and blue her orders wait:
 There, like some pensive statesman, trends demure,
 And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction sure:
 Now under high commodore, with looks erect,
 Satisfac'd devoted, in gaudy colours deck'd;

Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
 Shows all freedom but to see the face.
 In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,
 In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.
 Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast,
 Our poet comes to strike one stroke at least.

His glass he means not for this jilt or beau,
 Some features of you all he means to show;
 On chosen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
 But scatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the fair he fain would quarter show;
 His tender heart recoils at ev'ry blow:
 If unawares he gives too smart a stroke,
 He means but to correct, and not provoke.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Poets by observation find it true
 'Tis harder much to please themselves than you:
 To weave a plot, to work and to refine
 A labour'd scene, to polish ev'ry line,
 Judgment must sweat, and feel a mother's pains.
 Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their brains,
 When, more indulgent to the writer's ease,
 You are too good to be so hard to please:
 No such convulsive pangs it will require
 To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to please you in your way,
 Presents you now a bauble of a play;
 In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
 He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
 If here and there some evil-fated line
 Should chance, thro' inadvertency, to shine,
 Forgive him, *Beaux!* he means you no offence,
 But begs you, for the love of song and dance,
 To pardon all the poetry and sense.

PROLOGUE

To Mr Bevil Higgons' excellent Tragedy, called

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR

YOUR critic writer is a common foe;
 None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau;
 Nor wanton wife nor widow can be sped,
 Not even Russel* can inter the dead,
 But straight this censor, in his whim of wit,
 Strips and presents you naked to the pit.
 Thus critics should, like these, be branded for,
 Who for the poison only suck the rose:
 Boasting and carping, without wit or sense,
 Impreach mistakes, o'erlooking excellence,

* A famous undertaker for funerals, alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Black, entitled *The Funeral*.

As if to ev'ry fop it might belong,
Like senators, to censure right or wrong.

But gen'rous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they choose.
From yon bright heav'n* our author fetch'd his
fire,

And paints the passions that your eyes inspire;
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms.

* To the ladies.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

I who have been the poet's spark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally dislike a dunning face :
Pleas'd or displeas'd, no matter, now 'tis past,
The first who dares be angry breathes his last :
Who shall presume to doubt my will and pleasure,
Him I defy to send his weapon's measure :
If war you chuse, and blood must needs be spilt here,
By Jove ! let me alone to match your tilter :
I 'll give you satisfaction if I can :
'Death 'tis not the first time I 've kill'd my man.
On pain of being posted to your sorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

EACH in his turn, the poet* and the priest †,
 Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets guest.
 The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
 Would silence poets, and reduce the stage.
 The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
 On kings the scandal, and bespatters courts.
 Both err; for, without mincing, to be plain,
 The guilt 's your own of ev'ry odious scene.
 The present time still gives the stage its mode;
 The vices that you practise we explode:
 We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame,
 Like Spartans, by exposing to reclaim.
 The scribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
 And to your genius must conform his line;
 Not lewd by choice, but merely to submit—
 Would you encourage sense, sense would be writ.
 Good plays we try, which, after the first day,
 Unseen we act, and to bare benches play.
 Plain sense, which pleas'd your sires an age ago,
 Is lost without the garniture of show:
 At vast expense we labour to our ruin,
 And court your favour with our own undoing.

* Mr. Dryden's Preface to *The Virgin*.

† Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

A war of profit mitigates the evil,
 But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
 How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
 When Timon without music moralis'd !
 Shakspeare's sublime in vain entic'd the throng,
 Without the aid of Purcell's Syren song.

In the same antique loom these scenes were
 wrought,
 Embellish'd with good morals and just thought ;
 True Nature in her noble light you see,
 Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
 To trifling jests and fulsome ribaldry :
 What rest remains upon the shining mass,
 Antiquity must privilege to pass.
 'Tis Shakspeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry ;
 Let Gormon* take the stage—or Lady Mary†.

EPILOGUE

DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dress,
 Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,
 Till by fruition novelty destroy'd,
 The nymph must find new charms to be enjoy'd.
 As by his equipage the man you prize,
 And ladies must have gems beside their eyes ;
 So fares it too with plays : in vain we write,
 Unless the music and the dance invite ;
 Hence Hamlet clears the charges of the night.

* A famous prize-fighter.

† A famous rope-dancer so called.

Would you but fix some standard how to move,
 We would transform to any thing you love:
 Judge our desire by our cost and pains;
 Sure the expense, uncertain are the gains.
 But tho' we fetch from Italy and France
 Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
 Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense.
 Howe'er to foreign fashions we submit,
 Still ev'ry fop prefers his mother-wit.
 In only wit this constancy is shown,
 For never was that errant changeling known
 Who for another's sense would quit his own.

Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,
 Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
 Some childish fancies may approve the toy,
 Some like the Muse the more for being a boy;
 And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
 To find so young a thing not wholly impotent.
 Our stage-reformers, too, he would disarm,
 In charity so cold, in zeal so warm!
 And therefore, to atone for stage-abuses,
 And gain the church-indulgence for the Muses,
 He gives his thurds—to charitable uses.

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In imitation of the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.

Mix, mix the philtres—Quick—she flies, she flies,
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of love!
Who love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of Love! assist a lover's cares:
And thou, infernal Hecate! be nigh,
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground, Arise! arise!
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So struggling in love's flame her lover dies:
It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires;
So may she burn, but with more lasting fires.

IMITATIONS.

**Begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.**

**As the wax melts which to the flame I hold,
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and stubborn marble run,
And hardest hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.**

**As with impetuous motion whirling round
Thus magic wheel still moves, yet keeps its ground
Ever returning; so may she come back,
And never more th' appointed round forsake.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.**

**Dianna! hail; all hail; most welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
O thou! whose art the pow'r of hell disarms,
Upon a faithless woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl. She comes, the goddess
comes:
Sound the loud trump, and beat our braven drums.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.**

**How calm 's the sky! how undisturb'd the deep!
Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep;
The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And silent on the beach repose the seas:**

Love only wakes: the storm that tears my breast
 For ever rages, and distracts my rest.
 O Love! relentless Love! tyrant accurs'd!
 In deserts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd.
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This riband that once bound her lovely waist,
 O that my arms might gird her there as fast!
 Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more
 Than the rich zone th' Italian goddess wore:
 This riband, this lov'd relic of the fair,
 So kiss'd, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.
 O Love! why dost thou thus delight to rend
 My soul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend?
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I sacrific'd, and, prostrate, thrice
 Ador'd. assist, ye Pow'rs! the sacrifice.
 Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
 With guilty glances and with perjur'd smiles,
 Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
 Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him dead,
 Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,
 Distract his rest, as love keeps me awake;
 If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
 And curs'd and scorn'd like Mevelaus he!
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

range pow'rful drops thrice on the threshold pour,
 And bathe with this enchanted juice her door;
 That door where no admittance now is found,
 But where my soul is ever hov'ring round.
 Haste and obey; and binding be the spell.
 Here ends my charm; O Love! succeed it well:
 By force of magic stop the flying fair,
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint;
 Ease thy press'd heart, and give thy sorrows vent;
 Whence sprang, and how began, these griefs
 declare,
 How much thy love, how cruel thy despair.
 Ye Moon and Stars! by whose auspicious light
 I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night,
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Too late for hope, for my repose too seen,
 I saw, and lov'd; her heart, engag'd, was gone:
 A happier man possess'd whom I adore:
 O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

What shall I do? shall I in silence bear?
 Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?
 Die, wretched lover! die: but, O! beware,
 Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her:

Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate :
 Thou seek'st her love, forget not then her hate,
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

My life consuming with eternal grief,
 From herbs and spells I seek a vain relief ;
 To ev'ry wise magician I repair
 In vain; for still I love, and I despair.
 Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,
 Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,
 So burnt my love, nor wasted in the flame.
 And now, unable to support the strife,
 A glimm'ring hope recalls departing life :
 My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
 Since I may ask, and she with honour give.
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Witness, ye Hours ! with what unweary'd care
 From place to place I still pursu'd the fair ;
 Nor was Occasion to reveal my flame
 Slow to my succour, for it kindly came :
 It came, it came, that moment of delight !
 O gods ! and how I trembled at the sight !
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

I lay'd and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
 Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
 My flatt'ring tongue in vain for utt'rance try'd,
 Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
 Or in weak sounds and broken accents came
 Imperfect, as discourses in a dream.
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Soon she divin'd what this confusion meant,
 And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaint;
 My tongue embold'ning as her looks were mild,
 At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.
 O Syren, Syren! fair Deluder I say,
 Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
 So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?
 Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.
 Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Secure of innocence, I seek to know
 From whence this change and my misfortunes
 grow;
 Rumour is loud, and ev'ry voice proclaims
 Her violated faith and conscious flames.
 Can this be true? ah! flatt'ring Mischief! speak;
 Can you make vows, and in a moment break?
 And can the space so very narrow be
 Betwixt a woman's oath and perjury?

O Jealousy ! all other ills at first
My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.
Tell, for you know, the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Ungrateful Mira ! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore ;
If passion, dire revenge, or black despair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I ? Ah ! feeble rage, and vain ;
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain !
Thy heart, fond lover ! does thy threats belie ;
Canst thou hurt her for whom thou yet would'st die ?
Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy soul 's her slave.

But, see ! Aurora rising with the sun
Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted
moon ;

My spells no longer bind at sight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love 's the reward of all on earth, in heav'n,
And for a plague to me alone was given.
But ills not to be shunn'd we must endure ;
Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia ! farewell ; go rest thy weary'd light ;
I must for ever 'wake—We'll meet again at night.

AN IMITATION

Of the second Chorus

IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TRISTES.

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
 Compose our factions and conclude our wars?
 Ye sons of Inachus! repent the guilt
 Of crowns usurp'd, and blood of parents spilt:
 For impious greatness vengeance is in store;
 Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r.
 Give ear, ambitious Princes! and be wise;
 Listen, and learn wherein true greatness lies:
 Place not your pride in roofs that shine with gems,
 In purple robes, nor sparkling diadems,
 Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
 He's only great who can himself command;
 Whose guard is peaceful Innocence, whose guide
 Is faithful Reason; who is void of pride,
 Checking ambition, nor is idly vain
 Of the false incense of a popular train;
 Who without strife or envy can behold
 His neighbour's plenty and his heaps of gold,
 Nor covets other wealth but what we find
 In the possessions of a virtuous mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
 The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;
 Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
 On the red scaffold or the blazing throne;

Serenely as he liv'd resigns his breath,
 Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at death,
 Ye sov'reign Lords! who sit like gods in state,
 Awing the world, and bustling to be great;
 Lords but in title, vassals in effect,
 Whom lust controls, and wild desires direct,
 The reins of empire but such hands disgrace,
 Where Passion, a blind driver, guides the race.

What is this fame, thus crowded round with
 slaves?

The breath of fools, the bait of flatt'ring knaves.
 An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,
 Not of great acts, but good, give me the name.
 In vain we plant, we build, our stores increase,
 If conscience roots up all our inward peace.
 What need of arms, or instruments of war,
 Of batt'ring engines that destroy from far?
 The greatest king and conqueror is he
 Who lord of his own appetites can be;
 Bless'd with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,
 And all have equal freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly luxury and pomp allure,
 They tread on ice, and find no footing sure.
 Place me, ye Pow'rs! in some obscure retreat!
 O keep me innocent, make others great!
 In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
 Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
 Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
 Unheard of, I may live, and die in peace.

Happy the man who thus, retir'd from sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other light ;
But most unhappy he who sits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye,
Whose follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a secret to himself alone :
Worse is an evil fame ; much worse than none.

DRAMATIC POEMS.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASK. SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

PELEUS, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus, obtains her favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus, in despair, consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology, upon whose prophecy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter doubts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

Persons in the Mask:

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The SCENE represents Mount Caucasus. Prometheus appears chained to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breast.

PELEUS enters, addressing himself to PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS.

CONDENN'D on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, ~~not~~ to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!

To whose inspecting eye 'tis given |
 To view the planetary way,
 To penetrate eternal day,
 And to revolve the starry heaven :
 To thee, Prometheus ! I complain,
 And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROM. From Jupiter sprung all our woes;
 Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine :
 'Tis vain, O Peleus ! to oppose
 Thy torturer and mine.
 Contented with despair,
 Resign the fair,
 Resign, resign !

Or, wretched Man ! prepare
 For change of torments great as mine.

PER. In change of torment would be ease ;
 Could you divine what lovers bear,
 Ev'n you, Prometheus ! would confess
 There is no vulture like despair.

PROM. Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour.

PER. Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS entering, they repeat together,
 Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour.
 Cease, cruel Thetis ! to disdain.

THET. Peleus ! unjustly you complain.

PROMETHEUS and PELEUS.

Cease, cruel Vulture ! to devour.
 Cease, cruel Thetis ! to disdain.

THET. Peleus ! unjustly you complain.

The gods, alas ! no refuge find
From ills resistless Fates ordain.
I still am true—and would be kind.

PEL. To love and to languish,
To sigh and complain,
How cruel 's the anguish,
How tormenting the pain !
Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curse of dislain,
How tormenting 's the pain !
To love, &c.

THET. Accursed Jealousy !
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Thro' which all objects false we see,
Accursed Jealousy !
Thy rival, Peleus ! rules the sky,
Yet I so prize thy love,
With Peleus I would choose to die
Rather than reign with Jove.

*A clap of thunder. Jupiter appears descending
upon his Eagle.*

But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here ;
Tremble, Pelens ! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !
Tremble, Pelens ! tremble, fly.

*A full CHORUS of voices and instruments as
Jupiter is descending.*

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thund'rer 's here !
Tremble, Peleus ! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !
Tremble, Peleus ! tremble, fly.

JUPITER being descended.

JUP. Presumptuous Slave ! rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, Mortal ! thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy ?
Presumptuous Mortal !—hence—
Tremble at Omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.
Jove ! lay thy thunder down ;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye.
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder ;
Haste, ye Cyclops ! with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

PEL. *and* THET. *holding fast by one another.*

Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

PEL. *and* THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sun-

THET. *to* JUP. Thy love still arm'd with fate [dar,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

O might it prove to me,

So gentle Peleus were but free,

O might it prove to me

As fatal as to lost consuming Semele!

Thy love still arm'd with fate

Is dreadful as thy hate.

FROM. *to* JUP. Son of Saturn, take advice

From one to whom thy severe decree

Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:

'Thou rul'st the gods, but Fate rules thee.

THE PROPHECY.

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compassing

Shall taste joy and reap the blessing,

Thus th' unerring stars advise:

From that auspicious night an heir shall rise,

Paternal glories to efface,

The most illustrious of his race,

Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

JUP. [*Apert.*] Shall then the son of Saturn be
undone,

Like Saturn, by an impious son?

Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,

Deeming that son to be the sire

Of such another son.

Conscious of ills that I have done,

My fears to prudence shall advise,

And guilt, that made me great, shall make me
wise.

The fatal blessing I resign ;

Peleus ! take the maid divine : [*Giving her to Peleus.*

Jove consenting, she is thine,

The fatal blessing I resign. [*Joins their hands.*

PEL. Heaven had been lost had I been Jove ;

There is no heaven, there is no heaven, but love.

PELEUS and THETIS together.

There is no heaven but love.

No, no, no ;

There is no heaven but love.

JUP. to PROM. And thou, the stars' interpreter,

'Tis just I set thee free

Who giv'st me liberty ;

Arise, and be thyself a star.

'Tis just I set thee free

Who giv'st me liberty.

[*The Vultures fall dead at the feet of Prometheus, his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with a shout, to a loud flourish of trumpets.*

PEL. and THETIS run into each other's arms.

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,

• Goddess of immortal charms !

To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddess of transporting joy!

But to gaze

On thy face,

Thy gentle hand thus pressing,
Is heavenly, heavenly blessing!

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

THET. You tremble, Pelus—So do I—

Ah, stay! and we'll together die.

Immortal, and of race divine,

My soul shall take its flight with thine;

Life dissolving in delight,

Heaving breasts and swimming sight,

Falt'ring speech and gasping breath,

Symptoms of delicious death;

Life dissolving in delight,

My soul is ready for the flight.

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

PELUS and THETIS both together repeat, &c.

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

ORAXVILLE.

Rest in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whether, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul !

*Chorus of all the voices and instruments, singing
and dancing.*

When the storm is blown over
How bless'd is the swain
Who begins to discover
An end of his pain !
When the storm, &c.

The Mask concludes with variety of dances.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

OR, NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With scenes, machines, music, and decorations, &c.

~~=====~~

THE PREFACE.

Of all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an Opera is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands in the dramatic and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients. A bad artist will make but a mere hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

"The seasoning must be sense. Unless there is ~~whatev~~ ^{what is} to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweetmeats.

An opera is a kind of *ambigu* the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, it is odds but the guests break up dissatisfied."

"It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justice of his characters: in this consists the solid and the substantial."

"The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal part: ~~in our modern heroic poems~~ ^{in our modern heroic poems} they supply the place of the gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious;

the figure the actor makes upon the stage is one part of the ornament ; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced : if the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off : a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical ; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, strutting upon the stage in the figure of songsters, personated by eunuchs ?

The singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which, by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another as to be tedious in none ; and the connection should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other : like embroidery, so fixed and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing by hand and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera, though that title is now

promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the English stage: we have several poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the best hands; but, in my opinion, the subjects, for the most part, have been improperly chosen. Mr. Addison's *Rosamond*, and Mr. Congreve's *Semele*, though excellent in their kind, are rather masks than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the splendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to instruct as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would entitle our English opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners, for a concert of music only, miscalled an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following Poem the Author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by ex-

amples; an abler hand might have executed it better: however, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces as are shocking to all other nations; even a Swiss has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees. When Oedipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocasta appears in her bed murdering herself and her children, instead of moving terror or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horror: no wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I would be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters, though it is always advisable to keep as close to them as possible: but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.



PREFACE.

It may happen that the nature of certain subjects proper for moving the passions may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, sure there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of Parnassus as well as of the King's Bench. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a case *summa injuria*.

Corneille himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: 'There is infinite difference,' says he, 'between speculation and practice: let the severest critic make the trial, he will be convinced by his own experience, that upon certain occasions too strict an adherence to the letter of the law shall exclude a bright opportunity of shining, or touching the passions. Where the breach is of little moment, or can be contrived to be so, it were imperceptible in the representation, a gentle dispensation might be allowed.' To those little freedoms, he attributes the success of his *Cyd*: but the rigid legislators of the Academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pitted, the French Muse must always flutter like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction: not a ~~dis~~course, but an oration; not speaking, but ~~the~~ claiming; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal arguing, *pro* and *con*, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing negligence I have seen: who ever saw pleasing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French Puritan in the drama, or an English Latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the British Muse is too unruly, the French is too tame: one wants a curb, the ~~other~~ a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the strictest severity of the rules where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance: though the Ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed; the place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment; all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation; the plot is one principal action, and of that

kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point; the ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other; every act concludes with some unexpected revolution; and, in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject of different nature, must speak a different language; the humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would rumble strangely in the Miltonic dialect, and the soft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Beelzebub. The terrible and the tender must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude: this Dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a tick at such hours as were free from other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Birtarten, having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the

stage, where it found so favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors, which soon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: however, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say *Scripta sunt*.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

CELIUS, a British king, father to Oriana.

CONSTANTIUS, a Roman emperor, designed for marriage with Oriana.

AMADIS of Gaul, a famous knight-adventurer, in love with Oriana.

FLORESTAN, his companion, in love with Corisanda.

ARCALAUS, a wicked enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the emperor's train.

WOMEN.

ORIANA; in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

CORISANDA, betrothed to Florestan.

URGANDA, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

ARCABON, sister to Arcalaus.

DELIA, an attendant to Urganda.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters.

Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests or Druids.

Persons attending Constantius. Singers, dancers, &c.

SCENE, the King's Palace and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c. Urganda and Delia performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment. A full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA and DELIA.

URGANDA.

SOUND, sound ye Winds! the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride;

* See the Prologue, p. 155.

Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love ;
 An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

DEL. Successful is our charm : the temple shakes,
 The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes 6
 The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's
 side,

Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unt'y'd,
 URO. Ye sweet Musicians of the sky !
 Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly, 10 }
 And with enchanting notes all magic else supply. }

[*Urganda and Delia retire down the scene
 waving their enchanted rods, as continuing
 the ceremony.*

A full chorus of instruments and voices.

' Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
 ' Strike the lyre, inspire the flute :
 ' In harmony,
 ' Celestial harmony ! 15
 ' All magic charms are found.
 ' Sound the trumpet, sound.'

[*Here the Statues leap from their pedestals, and
 form variety of dances.*

Chorus of Singers after the dance.

' Music so charms, and does so sweetly wound,
 ' That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound.'

A single voice.

' When nymphs are coy, 20
 ' And fly from joy,

' The shepherd takes his reed ;
 ' He plays a tune,
 ' She stops as soon,
 ' And straight they are agreed. 25

' The battle near
 ' When cowards fear,
 ' The drum and trumpet sounds ;
 ' Their courage warms,
 ' They rush to arms, 30
 ' And brave a thousand wounds.'

CHORUS.

' By harmony our souls are sway'd ;
 ' By harmony the world was made.'

A second Dance.

Singers again advance.

A single voice.

' When with adoring looks we gaze
 ' On bright Oriana's heavenly face, 35
 ' In ev'ry glance and ev'ry grace
 ' What is it that we see
 ' But harmony,
 ' Celestial harmony !
 ' Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet 40
 ' The music of her eyes,
 ' The music of her eyes,
 ' And dance around her feet.'

Full CHORUS of voices and instruments as at first.

' Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
' Strike the lyre, inspire the flute; 45
' In harmony,
' Celestial harmony !
' All magic charms are found.
' Sound the trumpet, sound.'

A third dance.

URGANDA and DELIA come forward.

URG. This care for Amadis, ye gods ! approve,
For what's a soldier's recompense but love ? 51
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant war,
His vanquisht heart remain'd a captive here ;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conquest made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid. 53

DEL. By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,
And, like Æneas, driven from coast to coast,
The wand'ring hero would return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate,
Who, anxious of neglect, suspecting change, 60
Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URG. Just in the moment when resentment
fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires,
Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride. 65

DEL. Did not your art with timely charms pre-
vide,
Oriana were his wife and not his bride.



THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Use. In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
 The infant world, with monsters overgrown,
 Goblins and giants, nurs'd with human blood, 70
 And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
 Vex'd men and gods, but most the fair com-
 plain

Of violated loves, and lovers slain.
 To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
 The nations all elect some patron-knight, 75
 Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,
 And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
 By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
 And various orders various ensigns wear:
 Bound by strict oaths to serve the brightest eyes, 80
 Not more they strive for glory than the prize;
 While, to invite the toil, the fairest dame
 Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

DEL. Of all who in this race of fame delight,
 Brave Amadis is own'd the hardest knight: 85
 Nor Theseus nor Alcides ventur'd more,
 Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore, }
 Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore. }

USE. Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire
 arts

Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgins'
 hearts;

Met spear to spear, his great deliver'ing hand 91
 Slaw the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;
 Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,
 Oriana's thine by conquest as by love.

DEL. But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood, 95
 And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
 Gluttons in murder, wantons to destroy,
 Their fatal arts as impiously employ :
 Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn
 woes

To Amadis, their magic they oppose 100
 Against his love and life.

URG. ——— With equal care
 Their vengeance to prevent we thus prepare.
 Behold the time when tender Love shall be
 Nor vex'd with doubt nor press'd with tyranny; 105
 The love-sick hero shall from camps remove
 To reap reward : the hero's pay is love.
 The tasks of glory painful are and hard,
 But, ah ! how blest'd, how sweet, is the reward !

*As she retires, choirs of all the voices and in-
 struments repeat.*

' Sound the trumpet, touch the lute, 110
 ' Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;
 ' In harmony,
 ' Celestial harmony !
 ' All magic charms are found.
 ' Sound the trumpet, sound.' 115

SCENE II.

The scene changes to the inside of a magnificent temple. King Celius and the British court. Men and women magnificently dressed in painted habits, after the ancient manner. The Priests and Druids in their solemnities, seeming in confusion, replacing their idols, and setting their altars in order. Thunder and lightning. In the mean-time CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, and CORISANDA, come forward.

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmers' eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take.
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date 120
My future hope, and when she frowns my fate.

ORI. Cease, Prince! the anger of the gods to
move;

'Tis now become a crime to mention love:
Our holy men, interpreting the voice 124
Of Heav'n in wrath, forewarn the ill-omen'd
choice.

CON. Strange rules for constancy your priests
devise,

If love and hate must vary with your skies,
From such vile servitude set Reason free;
The gods in ev'ry circumstance agree,
To suit our union, pointing out to me. 130 }

In this right hand the sceptre that they place
 For me to guide was meant for you to grace.
 Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind !
 Accept that empire which the gods design'd,
 And be the charming mistress of mankind. 135 }
 COR. Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,
 Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate ;
 Let happy men for generous love declare,
 And choose the gentle virgin chaste and fair :
 Let women to superior fortune born 140
 For naked virtue all temptations scorn :
 The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
 If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd ;
 And Providence, not niggardly but wise,
 Here lavishly bestows, and there denies, 145 }
 That by each other's virtue we may rise.
 Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
 But friend and benefactor always bind.

The KING advances, followed by Priests and train.

KING. Our priests recover ; 'twas a holy cheat.
 Lead back the bride ; the ceremonies wait. 150
 ORT. What Heaven forbids—

KING.—'Twas ignorance of my will ;
 Our priests are better taught : what now is all
 Shall, when I please, be good ; and none shall
 dare

Preach or expound but what their king would hear.

[*Priests bow profoundly low.*]

Let them interpret let 'em mark my nod, 156
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[*Looking sternly at them, they bow again as before.*

Prince! take your bride.

ORI. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my hand.

[*Refusing her hand.*

KING. How dar'st thou disobey when I com-
mand? 160

Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears,

A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears.

You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,

Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch.

Into a woman's meaning would you look, 165

Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.

Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a stern imperious air. Priests re-
tire, obsequiously bowing, as before.*

ORI. Th' obedience that is due, and which I
owe,

Dread Sir! shall ever be observ'd by me:

It is not to dispute your high decree 170

That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore

One moment's short suspense. I own your power,

And I submit. Grant but this small delay,

And as the prince decides Oriana shall obey.

COR. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Destin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign. 176

KING. [*Aside.*] Into what hands, ye Gods! have
ye resign'd

Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?

These supple Romans teach our women scorn :
 I thank ye, Gods ! that I'm a Briton born. 180
 Agree these trifles in a short debate. [*To them.*
 No more delays. I am not us'd to wait.

[*King Celius retires back into the temple.*

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, after a short
pause.

ORI. Your stars and mine have chosen you, to
 prove

The noblest way how generous men should love :
 All boast their flames, but yet no woman found 185
 A passion where self-love was not the ground.
 Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught ;
 The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

CON. So much, so tenderly, your slave adores,
 He has no thought of happiness but yours. 190

ORI. Vows may be fern'd, nor shall mere words
 prevail ;

I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail
 By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear
 To heroes, or expecting lovers, swear. 194

CON. Needs there an oath ? and can Oriana say
 Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey ?

ORI. Prepare then, I'nce ! to hear a secret told, }
 Which shame would shun, and blushing I unfold, }
 But dangers pressing, cowards will grow bold. }
 Know—then—I love. 200

CON. [*Eagerly.*] Can you command despair, yet
 love confess, [blaze ?
 And curse with the same breath with which you

ORI. [*Disdainfully putting him off.*] Mistake me
not—

That I do love is true !

But flatter not yourself ; it is not you. 204

CON. [*Starting*]. Forbid it, Gods ! recall the
fatal breath

Which spoke that word ; the sound is instant death.

ORI. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny ;
I own the fatal truth.—If one must die,
You are the judge. Say, is it you—or I ?

}

A MESSENGER from the temple.

MESS. The king is much displeas'd at this delay.

CON. [*Walking about in a passion.*] And let him
wait, while 'tis my will to stay. 211

ORI. Bear back a gentler answer : we'll obey.

[*Exit Mess.*]

CON. Hence every sound that's either soft or kind ;
O for a war like that within my mind !
Say, Flatterer ! say, ah ! fair Deceiver ! speak ; 215
Answer me this ere yet my heart shall break ;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand ?

ORI. To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a subject must submit. 220
Think not from tyranny that love can grow ;
I am a slave, and you have made me so.
Those chains which duty hath put on remove ;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love. 224

CON. Cruel Oriana ! much you wrong my name,
To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.

Love is a subject to himself alone,
 And knows no other empire but his own.
 No ties can bind which from constraint arise;
 Where either's forc'd all obligation dies. 230
 O fatal law! requiring to resign
 The object lov'd or hated, keep her mine.

ANT. [*Soothingly.*] Accuse me not of hate, with
 equal eyes

I judge your merit, and your virtue praise.
 Friendship, esteem, be yours. Hereft before 235
 Of all my love, what can I offer more?
 Your rival's image in your worth I view,
 And what I lov'd in him esteem in you.
 Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
 He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd. 240
 Then blame me not, since what decides your fate
 Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

CON. Hard fate of merit; Fortune holds the scale,
 And still throws in the weight that must prevail.
 Your rival is not of more charms possess'd; 245
 A grain of better luck has made him bless'd.

CON. [*Aside.*] To love, and have the power to
 possess,
 And yet resign, can Nature yield to this?
 Shall Nature, sprung from her first command,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own hand? 250
 By her own act the springs of life destroy,
 The principles and being of her joy?
 Tempting thought! Can Nature then approve
 Blessings obtain'd by curing whom we love?

Possessing, she is lost—renouncing—I— 255
 Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.
 Honour, and Love! ye Tyrants! I obey, [*Aloud.*
 Where'er your cruel call directs my way.

To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave, 259
 Lead on. Unpitying Guides!—behold your slave.

ORI. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,
 Glory may make amends with fame in war.
 Honour 's the noblest chase pursue that game,
 And recompense the loss of love with fame:
 If still against such aids your love prevails, 265
 Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

CON. Tyrannic Honour! what amends canst thou
 E'er make my heart by flattering my brow?
 Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove
 In search of beauty to conclude in love: 270
 I rail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
 That love which spite of cruelty can live!
 From your disdain since no relief I find,
 I must love absent whom I love unkind:
 Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains part, 275
 That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
 O! dare reverse the hope which I endure,
 From sure possession, to despair as sure!
 Farewell, Oriana! yet, ere I remove,
 Can you refuse the tear to bleeding Love? 280
 Ah, no! take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,
 The charm's so strong I shall for ever stay.
 Princess! rejoice—for your next news shall be 285
 Constantius dies—to set Oriana free. [*Ex. severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene a thick-wooded forest, the trees loaded with military ensigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the farther end.

ARCALAUS and ARCABON.

ARCAIUS.

ENCHANTRESS! say—whence such replies as these?

THOU answer'st Love, I speak of Amadis. 286

ARCAB. Swiftly he pass'd, and as in sport pursu'd
The savage herd, and scoured thro' the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,
Cut down like poppies by the reaper's hand: 290
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong,
Like Jove majestic, like Apollo young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCAL. Who pass'd? who look'd? 295

ARCAB.—Ah! there's the fatal wound
Which tears my heart-strings—But he shall be found;

Yes, ye Infernals! if there's power in art,
These arms shall hold him as he grasps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep 300
The stars confin'd, enchant the bow'rous deep,
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,
Shall I—

ARCAL.—Be made a whining fool to love ?
 Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount ; 305
 "A brother's death requires a strict account.
 To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
 This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our power.
 I leave Love in cottages and cells to reign, 309
 With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain ;
 Who waste their days and strength for such short
 joys

Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCAB. They're fools who preach we waste our
 days and strength :
 What is a life whose only charm is length ?
 Give me a life that's short and wing'd with joy, 315
 A life of love, whose minutes never cloy.
 What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er ?
 One little single hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

ARCAL. See it perform'd—and thou shalt be,
 Black minister of Hell ! a god to me. 320

[Attendant flies away through the air]
 He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
 Here Ardan lies on this fatal spot
 Our brother ~~dear~~ ^{dear} flow'd that precious gore,
 The purple flood, which cries aloud for more.
 Think on that image, see him on the ground, 325
 His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.
 Think on the murth'rer, with insulting pride
 Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side :
 Oh ! think—

ARCAE. What need these bloody images to move?
 Revenge I will, and would secure my love. 331
 Why should I of a frailty shameful be
 From which no mortal yet was ever free?
 Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,
 Nor Circe nor Calypso, 'scap'd the snarl. 335
 If hell has power both passions I will please;
 My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.
 Lead on, Magician! make revenge secure;
 My hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

[*They go off.*]

ORIANA and CORISANDA *entering from the lower part of the scene.*

ORI. Thrice happy they who thus in silent groves,
 From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves. 341
 Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,
 Born only to be victims of the state!
 Our hopes, our wishes, all our passions, ty'd
 For public use, the slaves of others' pride. 345
 Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
 Depends my peace: I tremble till 'us known.

COR. So generous this emperor's love does seem,
 'Twould justify a change to change for him. 349

ORI. Alas! thou knowest not men, their oaths and
 Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts. [arts
 Who now 's ador'd may the next hour displease,
 At first their cure, and after their disease.

[*Flourish of music as in the forest.*]

COR. Oft we have heard such airy sounds as
 these

Salute us as we pass.

355

Enter several of Arcalaus' Magicians singing and dancing, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and païsans.

A Shepherd singing.

- ' Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all !
 ' Come celebrate this festival,
 ' And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
 ' For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.'

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess, addressing to Oriana, sings :

- ' Queen of Britain and of Love, 360
 ' Be happy as the bless'd above;
 ' Graces numberless attend thee,
 ' The gods as many blessings send thee.
 ' Be happy as the bless'd above,
 ' Queen of Britain and of Love!'

A rural dance of Païsans. [Exeunt dancing.

ORI. Prepost'rous nuptials ! that fill ev'ry breast
 With joy but only hers who should be blest.

OUR. Sure some magician keeps his revels here:
 Princess ! retire ! there may be danger near. 369

[Flourish of soft music at a distance.

ORI. What danger in such gentle notes can be ?
 Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony !
 I'll follow thee ; play on—

Music's the balm of love, it charms despair,
 Suspends the smart, and softens ev'ry care.

[Exeunt down the scene, following the music.

ARCALAUS *enters, with an attendant, observing them as they walk down into the forest.*

ARCAL. Finish the rest, and then be free as air,
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair, 376
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once the joys of sweet revenge and love.

[Walks down the scene after them]

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

AMAD. Mistake me not—No—Amadis shall die
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy. 380
Nice honour still engages to requite
False mistresses and friends with slight for slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign
In private grief, but with a careless scorn 385
In public seem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLO. Hard is the task in love or grief to feign;
When passion is sincere it will complain;
Doubts which from rumour rise you should
suspend;
From evil tongues what virtue can defend? 390
In love who injures by a rash distrust
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMAD. If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind 396
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast,
His fate inquiring, spake Atrides' ghost:

‘ Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
 ‘ Of ev’ry ill, a woman is the worst. 400
 ‘ Trust not a woman.’—Well might he advise
 Who perish’d by his wife’s adulteries.

FLOR. Thus in despair what most we love we
 wrong;

Not Heaven escapes the impious Atheist’s tongue.

AMAD. Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death;
 Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath; 406
 Like Egypt’s temples, † dazzling to the sight,
 Pompously deck’d, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
 With glitt’ring gold and sparkling gems they shine,
 But apes and monkeys are the gods within. 410

FLOR. My love attends with pain, while you
 pursue

This angry theme—I have a mistress too;
 The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
 A beautiful mind, unblemish’d as her face,
 Not painted and adorn’d to varnish sin, 415
 Without all angel, all divine within;
 By truth maintaining what by love she got,
 A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMAD. [*Embracing him.*] Forgive the visions of
 my frantic brain;

Far from the man I love be all such pain. 420
 By the immortal gods I swear, my Friend!
 The Fates to me no greater joy could send
 Than that your labours meet a prosp’rous end; }
 After so many glorious toils, that you
 Have found a mistress beautiful and true. 425

ORIANA and CORISANDA without.

ORI. and COR. Help, help; oh! Heavens! help—

AMAD;—What cries are these?

FLOR. It seem'd the call of Beauty in distress.

Of savage beasts and men a monstrous brood

Possess this land— 430

ORI. and COR.—Help, help—

AMAD.—Again the cry 's renew'd.

Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save,

Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their swords.*]

*Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by
a party of Arcalaus' Magicians.*

ORI. and COR. Help, help— 435

PARTY. Pursue, pursue—

[*Florestan crosses the stage, following the pursuit; Arcalaus fighting, and retreating before Amadis.*]

ARCAL. Thou runn'st upon thy fate, Mortal! for
A more than mortal rules the regions here. [*hears.*]

AMAD. Think not my sword shall give the least
reprieve;

'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live. 440

*Florestan re-enters, retreating before another
party; is seized, disarmed, and carried off.*

ARCAL. Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate:
Without thy life my vengeance is complete:

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Hold thy friend borne to eternal chains;
Remember Ardan now, and count thy guins.
AMAD. Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall;
Thus I'll at once revenge and free them all. 446

[*Fight; Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden sound of instruments expressing terror and horror, with thunder at the same time, Monsters and Demons rise from under the stage, while others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in confusion, during which the stage is darkened. On a sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds, the sky clears, and the whole Scene changes to a delightful vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with songs, music, and dances, perform the following enchantment.*

To be sung in full CHORUS :

' Love ! creator Love ! appear;
' Attend, and hear.
' Appear, appear, appear.

A single voice.

' Love ! creator Love !
' Parent of heav'n and earth,
' Delight of gods above ;
' To thee all Nature owes her birth,
' Love ! creator Love !'

450

Another single voice.

- ' All that in ambient air does move, 455
 ' Or teems on fertile fields below,
 ' Or sparkles in the skies above,
 ' Or does in rolling waters flow,
 ' Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,
 ' Love! creator Love! 460

CHORUS.

- ' Better in love a slave to be,
 ' Than with the widest empire free.

Dance.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A single voice.

- ' When Love's away then Discord reigns:
 ' The Furies he unchains,
 ' Bids Æolus unbind 465
 ' The northern wind,
 ' That fetter'd lay in caves,
 ' And root up trees, and plough the plains.
 ' Old Ocean frets and raves,
 ' From their deep roots the rocks he tears, 470
 ' Whole deluges lets fly,
 ' That dash against the sky,
 ' And seem to drown the stars:
 ' Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
 ' Blue lightnings singe the waves, 475
 ' And thunder rends the rock.



THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

- 'Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
 Instructing mortals to aspire ;
 'The father would destroy the son,
 'The son dethrones the sire. 480
 The Titans, to regain their right,
 Prepare to try a second fight ;
 Briareus arms his hundred hands,
 And marches forth the bold gigantic bands:
 Pelion upon Ossa thrown, 485
 ' Steep Olympus they invade,
 ' Gods and giants tumble down,
 ' And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
 ' Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,
 ' Daggers, poison, sword, and fire, 490 }
 ' To execute the destin'd wrath conspire :
 ' The Furies loose their smoky rods,
 ' To lash both men and gods.'

CHORUS repeat the last stanza.

Then SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

A single voice.

- ' But when Love bids Discord cease,
 ' The jarring seeds unite in peace ; 495
 ' O the pleasures not expressing !
 ' O the rapture of possessing !
 ' Melting, dying, heav'nly blessing !
 ' O the rapture of possessing !
 ' Hail to Love, and welcome joy ! 500
 ' Hail to the delicious Boy !

- In Cyprus first the god was known ;
- Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the main,
- He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
- And in Oriana's eyes his throne.' 505

A full chorus.

- Hail to Love, and welcome joy !
- Hail to the delicious Boy !
- See the sun from Love returning,
- Love's the flame in which he's burning.
- Hail to Love, the softest pleasure ! 510
- Love and Beauty reign for ever.'

Dance.

*Then to be sung by a Shepherdess, addressing herself
to Amadis.*

- Now, Mortal ! prepare,
 - For thy fate is at hand ;
 - Now, Mortal ! prepare
 - And surrender ; 515
 - For Love shall arise,
 - Whom no pow'r can withstand,
 - Who rules from the skies
 - To the centre.
-
- Now, Mortal ! prepare, 520
 - For thy fate is at hand ;
 - Now, Mortal ! prepare
 - And surrender.

CHORUS *repeat.*

Now, Mortal! prepare, &c.

During the Chorus ORIANA appears rising from under the stage, reposed upon a machine representing a bed of flowers. The chorus ended, she rises, and comes forward.

ORI. In what enchanted regions am I lost? 525
Am I alive? or wander here a ghost?

Art thou, too, dead? [*Starting at the sight of Amadis.*

AMAD. Where'er you are the realms of bliss
must be :

I see my goddess, and 'tis heav'n to see!

[*Throwing away his sword, is seized and bound.*

Stand off, and give me way— 530

ORI. —No, keep him there,

Th' ungrateful traitor! let him not come near :

Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones

For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans.

With robbers and with murd'ers let him prove 535

Immortal pains—for he has murder'd Love.

AMAD. Have I done this?—

ORI. —Base and perfidious man!

Let me be heard, and answer if you can.

Was it your love when, troubling, by your side 540

I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,

Urging your stay?—Was it your love that bore

Your faithless vessel from the British shore?

What said I not upon the fatal night
 When you avow'd your meditated flight? 545
 Was it your love that prompted you to part,
 To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
 See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate!
 Repent your folly—but repent too late:

AMAD. Mistaken Princess! By the stars above,
 The pow'rs below, and by immortal Jove, 551
 Unwilling and compell'd—— [pretence,

ORI. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain
 For base neglect and cold indifference.

Was it your love when by those stars above, 555
 Those pow'rs below, and that immortal Jove,
 You vow'd before the first revolving moon
 You would return?—Did you return?—The sun
 Thrice round the circled globe was seen to move,
 You neither came nor sent—Was this your love?

AMAD. Thrice has that sun beheld me on your
 coast, 561

By tempests beaten, and in shipwrecks lost

ORI. And yet you chose those perils of the sea,
 Of rocks and storms—or any thing—but me.

The raging ocean, and the winter wind, 565

Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd;

No image but of certain fate appear'd;

Less I your absence than your danger fear'd:

In vain they threaten'd, and I said in vain; 569

More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main,

No priy'r nor gentle message could prevail

To wait a calmer sky or softer gale:

GRANVILLE.

K

You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor passion move.

AMAD. Of our past lives the pleasure and the pain
Fix'd in my soul for ever shall remain; 576
Recall more gently my unhappy state,
And charge my crime not on my choice, but Fate.
In mortal breast sure Honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd. 580
You saw my torment, and you knew my heart;
'Twas infamy to stay, 'twas death to part.

ORI. In vain you 'd cover with the thirst of fame,
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name.
Could Honour such vile perfidy approve? 585
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too some remnants found a place;
From Brute descending in a line direct,
Within these veins thy fav'rite blood respect: 590
Mother of Love! by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm these vows, and let this pray'r be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear
Immortal hatred and eternal war;
Nor league nor commerce let the nations know, 595
But seeds of everlasting discord grow;
With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Rise from our ashes some avenging hand
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land; 600
Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores en-
And let our sons inherit the same rage. [page,

AMAD. Might I be heard one word in my
defence— [pretence

ORI. No, not a word. What specious forc'd
Would you invent to gild a weak defence? 608
To false Æneas, when 'twas giv'n by Fate
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian
Forsaken Dido was the first that stood [states
To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood
Fresh from her wound : pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the false man ; confounded at the sight, 611
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he spoke,
Some tears he shed, which, with disdainful look,
Unmov'd she heard and saw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock when faithless tempests roar:
With one last look his falseness she upbraids, 616
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.
Lead me, O lead me ! where the bleeding queen
With just reproaches loads perfidious men.
Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endless night, 621
But keep—that odious object—from my sight. }

Enter ARCALAUS. [Exit.

ARCAL. With her last words she sign'd his dying
breath;
Convey him straight to tortures and to death.

AMAD. Let me not perish with a traitor's name.
Naked, unarm'd, and single, as I am, 626
Loose this right hand—

ARCAL. Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.
[Sinks under the stage with him.

For him let our infernal priests prepare
 Their knives, their cords, and altars—But for her
 Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,
 Music and songs, and all those melting pow'rs 632
 With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind
 To tenderness and yielding——
 Superior charms enchant us to be kind. [Exit.

The Act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS and ARCAHON meeting.

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after darkness cheerful light, 636
 Or to the weary wand'rer downy night.
 Smile, smile, my Arcahon! for ever smile,
 And with thy gayest looks reward my toil:
 That sullen air but ill becomes thee now; 640
 Seest thou not glorious conquest on my brow?
 Amadis, Amadis!——

ARCAB. Dead, or in chains!—Be quick in thy reply.

ARCAH. He lives, my Arcalon! but lives to die:
 The gnawing vulture and the restless wheel 645
 Shall be delight to what the wretch shall feel.

ARCAB. Goddess of dire revenge! Erinnys! rise;
 With pleasure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
 Smile like the queen of Love, and strip the rocks
 Of pearls and gems to deck thy jetty locks; 650
 With cheerful tunes disguise thy hollow throat,
 And emulate the lark and linnet's note;

Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

ARCAL. Arise, O Ardan! from the hollow womb
Of earth arise; burst from thy brazen tomb; 656
Bear witness to the vengeance we prepare;
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

ARCAE. Pluto! arise; infernal king! release
Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have
 peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis, 661

ARCAL. Mourn, all ye heavens; above yon' azure
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign, [plain
The Thunderer with tears bedew his sky,
For Amadis, his champion, is doom'd to die. 665

ARCAE. Death be my care; for, to complete his
 woe,

The slave shall perish by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to vanquish, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCAE. So look'd Medea when her rival bride
Upon her nuptial day consuming dy'd: 671
O never more let love disguise a face
By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace!

ARCAE. In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,
And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast; 675
Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
And, swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this cur'd wretch, whom most my soul
 abhors,

Prove the dear man whom most my soul adores,

Love should in vain defend him with his dart ; 680
Thro' all his charms I'd stab him to the heart.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter King CRIUS, CONSTANTIUS, IUCIUS a Roman, and a numerous attendance of Britons.

KING. From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede.
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty or her fame reflect? 685
Roman ! consider well what course you run ;
Resolve to be my pris'ner or my son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight }
Those supple arts which foreigners delight, }
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right. 690 }

[*Erit King and attendants.*]

IUC. Happy extremity ! Now, Prince ! be bless'd,
Of all you love and all you wish possess'd :
No censure you incur, constant to choose,
Possess'd at once of pleasure and excuse.

CON. If for myself alone I would possess, 695
'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd, }
The particle sublime of bliss is plac'd }
In raptures that we feel the ravish'd charmer }
taste.

Oriana ! no—tho' certain death it be,
I'll keep my word—I 'll die or set thee free.

Haste, Lucius ! haste, sound loud our trumpets, call
 Our guard to arms ; tho' few, they 're Romans all.
 Now tremble, savage King ! a Roman hand
 Shall ne'er be bound that can a sword command. 705

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, attended as before.

KING. Not to be found ! she must, she shall be
 found ;

Disperse our parties, search our kingdoms round.
 Follow Constantius ! seize him, torture, kill :
 Traitor ! what vengeance I can have I will.
 Well have thy gods, O Rome ! secur'd thy peace,
 Planted behind so many lands and seas, 711
 Or thou shouldst feel me, City ! in thy fall,
 More dreadful than the Sannite or the Gaul :
 But to supply and recompense this want,
 Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle ! and grant 715
 That wrath may rise and strife immortal come
 Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a scene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chained in rows, opposite to one another. In the front of the captives, Florestan and Corisanda. A magnificent monument erected to the memory of Ardan, with this inscription in large letters of gold :

' Rest age is vow'd ; rest quiet, gentle Shade !
 ' The living shall be restless till 'tis had.'

A GUARD OF DEMONS. PLAINITIVE MUSIC.

To be sung by a captive King.

' Look down, ye Pow'rs! look down, 720
 ' And cast a pitying eye
 ' Upon a monarch's misery.
 ' Look down, look down.
 ' Avenge, avenge, avenge
 ' Affronted majesty. 725

' I who but now, on thrones of gold,
 ' Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroll'd,
 ' To empire born,
 ' From empire torn, 730
 ' A wretched slave,
 ' A wretched slave,
 ' Am now of slaves the scorn.
 ' Alas! the smiles of fortune prove
 ' As variable as women's love.

By a captive Lacer.

' The happiest mortals once were we, 735
 ' I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
 ' Each desirous of the blessing,
 ' Nothing wanting but possessing.
 ' I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
 ' The happiest mortals once were we. 740

' But since cruel Fates discover,
 ' Torn from love, and torn for ever,

- ' Tortures! end me,
 ' Death! befriend me :
 ' Of all pains the greatest pain 745
 ' Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive Libertine.

- ' Plague us not with idle stories,
 ' Whining loves and senseless glories!
 ' What are lovers, what are kings,
 ' What at best but slavish things! 750
 ' Free I liv'd as Nature made me
 ' No proud Beauty durst invade me,
 ' No rebellious slaves betray'd me;
 ' Free I liv'd as Nature made me.
 ' Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me, 755
 ' Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me.
 ' I alone have lost true pleasure,
 ' Freedom is the only treasure.'

CHORUS of Demons.

- ' Cease, ye slaves! your fruitless grieving.
 ' No, no; 760
 ' The powers below
 ' No pity know.
 ' Cease, ye slaves! your fruitless grieving.'

A dance of Demons insulting the prisoners.

FLOR to COR. To taste of pain, and yet to gaze
 To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree. {on thee,

Well may the brave contend, the wise contrive; 766
In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

cor. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare :
Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught; 771
In the same cage in mournful notes complain
Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

A Captive.

' O Heav'ns! take pity of our pains;
' Death is a milder fate than chains.' 775

A flourish of instruments of horror. ARCADON descends in a chariot drawn through the air by dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a dagger in her hand.

ARCAB. Your vows have reach'd the gods; your
Have the same date—— [chains and breath
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who so oft has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell, 779 }
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could }
By whom so many bold enchanters fell, [quell, }
Amadis! Amadis! this joyful day
Your guardian deity 's himself our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle spectators of their hero's doom. 785

*Flourish of loud instruments of diverse sorts.
 Other dungeons open and discover more Captives.
 AMADIS chained to an altar, infernal Priests on
 each side of him, with knives uplifted ready for
 the sacrifice. Arcabon advancing hastily to stab
 him, starts and stops.*

ARCAB. 'Thou dy'st—What strange and what resistless charm

With secret force arrests my lifted arm!
 What art thou, who with more than magic art
 Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMAD. One who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;
 I ask not life, for life were cruelty. 791

Of all the wretched, search the world around,
 A more unhappy never can be found.
 Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god;
 Fain would my soul, encumber'd, cast her load. 795

ARCAB. [*Aside.*] In every line and feature of that
 face

The dear enchanter of my soul I trace.
 My brother! had my father too been slain,
 The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.
 The ties of nature do but weakly move; 800
 The strongest tie of nature is in love.

AMAD. O Florestan! I see those chains with
 shame

Which I could not prevent—O stain to fame!
 O honour lost for ever! Theseus fell;
 But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still, 805
 And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,

Nor was I overpow'rd, but betray'd.
 O my lov'd Friend ! with better grace we stood
 In arms repelling death, wading in blood
 To victories : the manly limb that trod 810
 Firm and erect beneath a treble load
 Of pond'rous mail these shameful bonds disdains,
 And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.
 FLOR. Where shall the brave and good for refuge
 When to be virtuous is to be undone ? [run,
 ARCAH. He spoke—and ev'ry accent to my heart
 Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart. 817
 He weeps ! but redd'ning at the tears that fall,
 Is it for these ? be quick, and free them all.
 Let ev'ry captive be releas'd from chains : 820
 How is it that I love if he complains ?
 Hence ev'ry grief and ev'ry anxious care,
 Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempests there :
 Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,
 And ev'ry voice sound liberty and love. 825

*Flourish of all the music. The chains at once fall
 off from all the captives. Arcabon frees Amadis
 herself.*

CHORUS of all the Captives.

' Liberty ! Liberty !'

A single voice.

' Arm, arm ! the gen'rous Britons cry,
 ' Let us live free, or let us die ;—

- ' Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
 ' Braving tyrants, chains defying. 830
 ' Arm, arm ! the gen'rous Britous cry,
 ' Let us live free, or let us die.
 ' Liberty ! liberty !'

CHORUS repeat.

- ' Liberty ! liberty !

Another single voice.

- ' Happy Isle ! all joys possessing, 835
 ' Clime resembling heav'n above,
 ' Freedom 'tis that crowns thy blessing,
 ' Land of liberty and love !

- ' When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
 ' Set themselves and lovers free, 840
 ' In the blessing of obtaining,
 ' Ah ! how sweet is liberty !

Dance of Captives expressing joy for liberty.

Arcabou having freed Amadis, they come forward together, the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, boxing as they advance.

ARCAD. When rage like mine makes such a sudden
 Methinks 'twere easy to divine the cause. [pause,
 The dullest warrior in a lady's face 845
 The secret meaning of a blush may trace,
 When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances,
 sent
 From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent,

Let glory share but not possess you whole ;
 Love is the darling transport of the soul. 850

AMAD. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
 Have destin'd I am no other chance for me ;
 My sullen stars in that rough circle move ;
 The happy only are reserv'd for love. 854

ARCAB. The stars which you reproach my art can
 I can direct them to a kinder course. [force ;
 Trust to my charms, the present time improve ;
 Select and precious are the hours of love.
 Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,
 Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand. 860
 Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps ;
 Seize quickly, Soldier ! while the dragon sleeps.

AMAD. Enchanting are your looks ; less magic
 lies

In your mysterious art than in your eyes :
 Such melting language claims a soft return ; 865
 Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn.
 Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
 I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

ARCAB. [*Aside.*] Those formal lovers be for ever
 curst
 Who fetter'd free-born Love with honour first ; 870
 Who thro' fantastic laws are Virtue's fools,
 And against Nature will be slaves to rules.
 Your captive friends have freedom from this hour ;
 [To him,

Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more :

Sublimèr blessings are reserv'd for thee, 375
 Whom Love invites to be possess'd of me.
 The shipwreck'd Greeks, cast on /Eæa's shore,
 With trembling steps the dubious coast explore;
 Who first arrive in vain for pity plead, 879
 Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed:
 But when Ulysses, with superior mien, [queen,
 Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress
 Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,
 She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
 Up to her bed she leads the conqu'ror on, 885
 Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

*She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda
 and the releas'd Captives only remain. Florestan
 and Corisanda run into each other's arms.*

FLOR. In this enchanting circle let me be
 For ever and for ever bound with thee.
 COR. Soul of my soul! and charmer of my heart!
 From these embraces let us never part.

FLOR. Never, O never!—In some safe retreat,
 Far from the noise and tumult of the great,
 Secure and happy on each other's breast,
 Within each other's arms we'll ever rest: 894
 Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
 These arms thus circling round me bless the night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*

*The remaining Captives express their joy for liberty
 by singing and dancing.*

CHORUS of *all the Captives together.*

' To Fortune give immortal praise,
 ' Fortune deposes, and can raise ;
 ' Fortune the captives' chains does break,
 ' And brings despairing exiles back. 900
 ' However low this hour we fall,
 ' One lucky moment may mend all.'

Act concludes with a variety of dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARCABON and ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

OR women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
 Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's bloom,
 Till, late repenting, to redeem the past 905
 You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last.

ARCAB. Who hate declares is sure of hate again ;
 Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain.
 Why, why, alas ! should love less mutual prove ?
 Why is not love return'd with equal love ? 910

ARCAL. Blessings when cheap or certain we
 despise ;
 From sure possession what desire can rise !
 Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
 By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.
 ARCAB. To govern love, alas ! what woman can ?
 'Tis an easy province for a man. 916

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
 There is a cure—I'd ask it—if I might.
 Forgive me, Brother! if I pry too far;
 I 'ave learnt my rival is your pris'ner here: 920
 If that be true——

ARCAL. What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

ARCAB. What but her death—When Amadis is free

From hopes of her—there may be hope for me. 924

ARCAL. Thou cloud to this bright Juno—Fool!—
 Who has lov'd her ever descend to thee? [shall he

ARCAB. Much vainer fool art thou—Where are those charms

That are to tempt a princess to thy arms?

Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars——

ARCAL. ——But yet

This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.

Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,

To make the woman sure the man shall bleed.

[*Exit surlily.*

ARCAB. First perish thou; earth, air, and seas,
 Confounded in one heap of chaos lie, [and sky, }
 And ev'ry other living creature die! 936 }

I burn, I burn, the storm that's in my mind

Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:

Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,

Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.

Furies, Alecto! aid my just design; 941 }

But if, averse to mercy, you decline

The pious task, assist me, Pow'rs divine! }

Just gods, and thou, their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

The scene changes to the representation of a fine garden, ORIANA sitting pensively in a pleasant bowser towards the lower end of the scene. Soft music playing. ARCALAT enters, addressing himself respectfully to her; she rises. They advance slowly towards the front of the stage, seeming in mute discourse till the music ceases.

ARCALAT and ORIANA.

ARCAL. Of freedom lost unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where'er you come you reign :
No fetters here you wear, but others bind, 918
And not a prison but an empire find.

ORI. Death I expect, and I desire it too;
'Tis all the mercy to be wish'd from you. 951
To die is to be free. Oh ! let me find
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCAL. Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes present : 955
O may they reign, those arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cause of this prepost'rous grief,
And we should pity were there no relief :
One lover lost, have you not millions more? 960
Can you complain of want whom all adore ?

All hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that, fierce and
free,

Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity ;
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his chain for mercy dies. 965

ORI. Respect is limited to pow'r alone ;
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades——

How art thou chang'd ! ah, wretched Princess ! now,
When ev'ry slave that loves dares tell thee so ? 970

ARCAL. If I do love, the fault is in your eyes ;
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who
dies.

If we may love, then sure we may declare ;
If we may not, ah ! why are you so fair ?
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly face, 975
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace ?

ORI. Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my
face ;

Tear off my cheeks, and root up ev'ry grace ;
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once and me. 980

ARCAL. Such strange commands 'twere im-
pious to obey ;

I would revenge myself a gentler way.

*[Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away
disdainfully.]*

ORI. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious
place,

Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace :

Save me, ye Pow'rs! from violence and shame, 965
 Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCAL. [*Aside.*] Love with submission first begins
 in course,

But when that fails a sure reserve is force :
 The nicest dames, who our embraces shun,
 Wait only a pretence—and force is one : 990
 She who thro' frailty yields, dishonour gains ;
 But she that's forc'd, her innocence retains :
 Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
 Invading we are free, and nothing owe :
 No ties of love or gratitude constrain, 995
 But as we like we leave—or come again.
 It shall be so ———

Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain, [*To her.*
 Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[*He seizes her, she breaks from him.*

ORI. Help—help—ye Gods! 1000

ARCAL. Who with such courage can resist desire,
 With what a rage she'll love when raptures fire!
 Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
 And if for nothing but this scorn he dies.

AMADIS *discovered in chains.* Arcalaus *advancing*
to stab him, ARCAON enters in the instant, and
offers to stab Oriana.

ARCAB. Strike boldly, Murd'ner! strike him to
 the ground, 1005

While thus my dagger answers ev'ry wound.
 By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd!
 Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORI. Strike, my Deliv'rer! 'tis a friendly stroke;
 I shun thee not, but rather would provoke: 1010
 Death to the wretched is an end of care,
 But yet methinks he might that victim spare.

[*Pointing to Amadis.*

AMAD. Burst, burst these chains; just Gods!
 can you look down

On such distress like idle lookers-on?

My soul till now no dangers could affright, 1015
 But trembles like a coward's at this sight.

ARCAB. So passionate! but I'll revenge it here—

ARCAI. Hold, Fury!—or I strike as home—
 forbear—

[*Arcabon offering to stab Oriana, Arcalaus does
 the same to Amadis: both with-hold their blow.*

*Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments
 of all kinds, resound from all parts of the theatre.*

URGANDA enters hastily with a numerous train.

*Arcalaus and Arcabon surprised, retire to the
 opposite side of the stage.*

URG. To arms, to arms, ye Spirits of the air! }
 Ye guardians of the brave and of the fair, 1020 }
 Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear. }

*Warlike music sounds a charge; Spirits descend in
 clouds; some continue in the air playing upon
 instruments of war, others remain ranged in
 order of battle; others descend upon the stage,*

ranging themselves by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, giving him a sword. Oriana likewise is freed.

ARCAB. Fly quick, ye Demons! from your black abodes,

And try another combat with the gods ;
 Blue fires and pestilential fumes arise,
 And flaming fountains spout against the skies ; 1025
 From their broad roots these oaks and cedars
 tear,
 Burn like my love, and rage like my despair.

Trumpets sound on Arcabon's side, which are answered on Urganda's. The grove appears in an instant all in a flame; fountains from below cast up fire as in spouts; a rain of fire from above; the sky darkened; Demons range themselves on the stage by Arcalaus and Arcabon; other Demons face Urganda; Spirits in the air, martial instruments sounding from all parts of the theatre; Arcalaus advances before his party, with his sword drawn, to Amadis.

ARCAL. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter,
 while we try

On equal terms which of us two shall die.

Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments

sounding; Arcalaus falls; the Demons some fly away through the air, others sink under ground with horrible cries.

UNG. Sound tunes of triumph, all ye Winds!
and bear

Your notes aloft, that heav'n and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene, and gay, 1032
And bright, as when the Giants lost the day.

Tunes of triumph, the sky clears, the Grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis approaching Oriana respectfully, Arcabon stands sullen and observing.

AMAD. *to ORI.* While Amadis Oriana's love
possess,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, 1035
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.

ORI. While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wand'ring flames to distant climates drew,
No heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana
knew.

AMAD. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no
more;

Braving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,
She to Constantius would those charms resign, 1042
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.

ORI. With a feign'd falsehood you'd evade your
part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart; 1045

While by such ways you'd hide a conscious flame,
The only virtue you have left is shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.

AMAD. [*Approaching tenderly.*] But should this
injur'd vassal you suspect

Prove true—ah! what return might he expect?

ORI. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderness.*]

Tho' brave Constantius charms with ev'ry art
That can entice a tender virgin's heart, 1051

Whether he shines for glory or delight,

To tempt ambition or enchant the sight,

Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,

I would reject a deity—for him. 105

AMAD. Tho' false as wat'ry bubbles blown by
wind, }

Fix'd in my soul, and rooted in my mind,

I love Oriana, faithless and unkind.

O! were she kind, and faithful as she's fair,

For her alone I'd live—and die for her. 1060

ORO. Adjourn these murmurs of returning
love,

And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

Thy empire, Arcabon! concludes this hour; [*To Arc.*

Short is the date of all flagitious power:

Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear 1065

The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,

[*To Ori. and Amad.*

There will I lead you to debate your loves.

The machine representing the figure of the sun opens, and appears to be a chariot resplendent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon stops him by the robe.

ARCAB. What, not one look ! not one dissembling smile,

To thank me for your life, or to beguile
Despair ? Cold and ungrateful as thou art, 1071
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.

[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*
Back, Soldier ! to the camp, thy proper sphere ;
Stick to thy trade ; dull hero ! follow war.
Useless to women—thou mere image ! meant 1075
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

Amadis takes his place in Urganda's chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of Arcabon's speech.

So ready to be gone—Barbarian ! stay.
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O, stay ! come back—Horror and hell ! I burn !
I rage ! I rave ! I die !—Return, return ; 1080
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there, }
Fury ! distraction !—I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightning blast
thy kiss.

While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by, 1088
 Pleas'd, at the terrors that distract thy joy.
 Plague of my life! thy impotence shall be
 A curse to her worse than thy scorn to me. [*Erit.*]

CHORUS.

First voice.

' The battle 's done, 1090
 ' Our wars are over :
 ' The battle 's done,
 ' Let laurels crown
 ' Whom rugged steel did cover.

Second voice.

' Let myrtles too 1095
 ' Bring peace for ever ;
 ' Let myrtles too
 ' Adorn the brow
 ' That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full CHORUS of all the voices and instruments.

' Let trumpets and tymbals, 1100
 ' Let atabals and cymbals,
 ' Let drums and hautboys give over ;
 ' But let flutes
 ' And let lutes
 ' Our passions excite 1105
 ' To gentler delight,
 ' And every Mars be a lover.'

Dances, with which the Act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Urganda's enchanted Palace.*

The scenes are adorned and diversified with the several representations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines; a large piece facing the front, representing their apotheosis, or reception among the gods.

AMADIS and ORIANA.

ORIANA.

IN my esteem he well deserves a part;
He shares my praise, but you have all my heart.
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd, 1110
And justice against neither can decide;
When judgment thus perplex'd suspends the choice,
Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice.
Much to his love, much to his merit's due,
But pow'rful inclination was for you. 1115

AMAD. Thou hast no equal, a superior ray,
Unrivall'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame solicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchase but a grain of the delight 1120
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORI. Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to love what duty must deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love possess: 1125

Rather than be another's I would die,
Nor can be yours till duty shall comply.

AMAD. Hard rules! which thus the noblest loves
engage

To wait the peevish humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulness of love consists 1130
In parents' wills, or in the forms of priests;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree. 1135

*Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, and
attendants to Urganda.*

URG. Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
The soft retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings and famous conquerors.
Here, gallant Prince! let all your labours end; }
Before I gave a mistress, now a friend, 1141 }
The greatest blessings which the gods can send. }

[Presenting Florestan.

AMAD. O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete:
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
As scarce the ecstasies of love exceed. 1146

FLO. If beyond love or glory is a taste
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

ORI. My Corisanda too! *[Embracing her.*

Not Florestan could fly with greater haste 1150
 To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,
 As to thy lover's——

COR. ———O joy complete!
 Bless'd day!

Wherein so many friends and lovers meet. 1155

FLO. The storm blown over, so the wanton
 doves
 Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the
 groves,
 Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves. }

AMAD. O Florestan! bless'd as thou dost de-
 serve,
 To thee the Fates are kind without reserve. 1160
 My joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,
 Fierce Honour stands his ground, and keeps the
 field:

Nature within, seduc'd, in vain befriends,
 While Honour with his guard of pride defends.
 O Nature frail! and faulty in thy frame, 1165
 Fomenting wishes Honour must condemn;
 Or, O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind
 When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

*Enter ARCADON, conducting CONSTANTIUS, her
 garments loose and hair dishevelled, seeming
 frantic. Constantius in deep mourning.*

ARC. This, Roman! is the place: 'tis magic
 ground,
 Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found. 1170

Behold them at our view dissolve in fear ;
 Two armies are two lovers in despair.
 Proceed, be bold, and, scorning to entreat,
 Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.
 Kill him, and ravish her—for so would I, 1175
 Were I a man—or rather let both die.

The rape may please—
 Each was disdain'd : to equal rage resign
 Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine,
 'Tis sweet to love ; but when with scorn we
 meet,

Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great. 1181

*[A chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters
 at the following lines.]*

Up to th' ethereal heav'ns, where gods reside,
 Lo ! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

*[A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in the
 air, and vanishes with her.]*

con. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bless'd
 abodes,

For sure where'er thou art there are no gods. 1185

Addressing himself to Oriana.

I come not here an object to afflict,
 Or to molest, but add to your delight.
 Behold a prince expiring in your view,
 Whose life's a burthen to himself and you.

Fate and the King all other means deny 1190

To set you free but that Constantius die :

A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
 But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart.

I thank ye, Gods ! nor think my doom severe,
Resigning life on any terms for her. 1195

URG. What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depends so many fates !
CON. Make room, ye Decii ! whose devoted
breath

Secur'd your country's happiness by death :
I come a sacrifice no less renown'd, 1200
The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.
O Love ! with all thy sweets let her be blest,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast :
Tho' thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful
course

Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up ev'ry source ;
Ah ! to Oriana shine less fatal bright, 1207
Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight ;
Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,
Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys. 1210

*Oriana weeps and shows concern. Amadis ad-
dressing himself to Constantius.*

AMA. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon desert,
Love had been yours ; to die had been my part :
Thus Fate divides the prize ; tho' beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius looking steadily upon him.]
Disdain not, gallant Prince ! a rival's praise, 1215 }
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confess, }
In ev'ry thing but love he merits less.

CON. Art thou that rival then? O killing shame!
 And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame!
 Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side, 1220
 To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
 O! 'tis too much; and Nature in disdain
 Turns back from death, and, firing ev'ry vein, }
 Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
 Be firm, my Soul! quick from this scene remove,
 Or madness else may be too strong for love. 1226
 Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight
 Of burth'ning life—I could reverse my fate;
 Thus planted—stand thy everlasting bar—

*[Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breast.
 Amadis does the same, each holding a dagger
 ready to strike.]*

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here. 1230

*[Stabs himself; Amadis throws away his dagger,
 and supports him: they all help.]*

ORI. Live, gen'rous Prince! such virtue ne'er
 should die.

CON. I 'ave liv'd enough, of all I wish possess'd,
 It, dying—I may leave Oriana bless'd.

The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart:
 Oh, Love! how sure a murderer thou art! *[Dies.]*

ORI. *[Weeping.]* There breaks the noblest heart
 that ever burn'd 1236

In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AM4. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame;
 Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

FLOR. Oh, Emperor! all ages must agree 1240

Such, but more happy, should all lovers be.

URG. [*To ORI.*] No lover now throughout the
world remains

But Amadis deserving of your chains.

Remove that mournful object from the sight.

[*Carry off the body.*]

Ere yon' bright beams are shadow'd o'er with night
The stubborn kings shall license your delight: 1246

The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,

Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;

And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,

Be better pleas'd to yield than to hold out. 1250

[*Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with
Singers and Dancers, in the habits of heroes
and heroines.*]

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, &c. to a seat
during the following entertainment.

First voice.

' Make room for the combat, make room,

' Sound the trumpet and drum;

' A fairer than Venus prepares

' To encounter a greater than Mars:

' The gods of desire take part in the fray, 1255

' And Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.

' Make room for the combat, make room,

' Sound the trumpet and drum.'

Second voice.

' Give the word to begin,

' Let the combatants in;

- ' Free from care,
 ' Happy pair. 1280
 ' Love inviting,
 ' Souls uniting,
 ' Desiring,
 ' Expiring,
 ' Enjoy the blessing 1285
 ' Of sweet possessing;
 ' Free from care,
 ' Happy pair !'

*Another dance of heroes and heroines; then a full
 CHORUS of all the voices and instruments.*

- ' Be true, all ye Lovers ! whate'er you endure ;
 ' Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure ! 1290
 ' In the hour of possessing
 ' So divine is the blessing,
 ' That one moment's obtaining
 ' Pays an age of complaining.
 ' Be true, all ye Lovers ! whate'er you endure ; 1295
 ' Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure !'

*Here follows variety of dances, with which the en-
 tertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c.
 rise and come forward.*

AMA. So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the
 skies,

The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies,
 Darkness gives place to the victorious light,
 And all around is gay, and all around is bright. 1300

ORI. Our present joys are sweeter for past
pain;

To love and heav'n by suff'ring we attain.

URG. Whate'er the virtuous and the just en-
dure,

Slow the reward may be, but always sure. 1304

*A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with
which the play concludes.*

THE END.

CONTENTS.

Life of the Author - - - - -	Page 5
------------------------------	-----------

MISCELLANIES.

Spoken by the Author to the Duchess of York, at Trinity College, Cambridge -	17
To the Memory of Mr. Waller - - - -	18
On the Queen's Picture given in Exchange for another - - - - -	20
On the Queen - - - - -	21
Love - - - - -	ib.
The Progress of Beauty - - - - -	22
Lady Hyde having the small pox, soon after the recovery of Mrs. Mohun - -	33
Lady Hyde sitting at Sir Godfrey Kneller's for her Picture - - - - -	34
Lady Hyde - - - - -	35
The Desertion - - - - -	36
In Praise of Mira - - - - -	37
The Duchess of ——— unseasonably sur- prised in the embraces of her Lord - -	39

GRANVILLE.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Mira Singing - - - - -	39
Impromptu, written under a Picture of the Countess of Sandwich - - - - -	40
Written under Mrs. Hare's name upon a Drinking Glass - - - - -	41
Written under the Duchess of Bolton's name upon a Drinking Glass - - - - -	ib.
Written under Lady Harper's name - - -	42
Written under Lady Villier's name - - -	ib.
Written in a leaf of the Author's Poems, presented to the Queen - - - - -	43
Written in a leaf of the same Poems, pre- sented to the Princess Royal - - - - -	44
Written in Clarinda's Prayer Book - - -	ib.
Mira's Parrot - - - - -	ib.
Mira at a Review of the Guards in Hyde Park - - - - -	45
The Vision - - - - -	46
Meditation on Death - - - - -	50
Beauty and Law, a Poetical Pleading - -	51
Essay upon Unnatural Flights in Poetry -	58
The Relief - - - - -	66
Definition of 'Love' - - - - -	ib.
For Liberality - - - - -	ib.
A Receipt for Vapours - - - - -	67
Mrs. Clavering singing - - - - -	68
A Latin Inscription on a Medal for Lewis XIV. of France - - - - -	69
Englished and applied to Queen Anne - -	ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Morning Hymn. To the Duchess of Hamilton - - - - -	70
A Loyal Exhortation, written in 1688 - -	71
Inscription for a Figure representing the God of Love - - - - -	72
Her Name - - - - -	ib.
Cupid Disarmed. To the Princess D'Au- vergne - - - - -	ib.
Explication in French - - - - -	73
Chloe Perfuming Herself - - - - -	74
The Wild Boar's Defence - - - - -	ib.
Bacchus Disarmed - - - - -	75
Urganda's Prophecy - - - - -	76
Ode on the present Corruption of Mankind	77
Fortune.—Epigram - - - - -	80
Chloe - - - - -	ib.
On the same - - - - -	ib.
On the same - - - - -	81
On the same - - - - -	ib.
Corinna - - - - -	82
On the same - - - - -	83
Beliuda - - - - -	ib.
Cleora - - - - -	84
Phyllis Drinking - - - - -	86
On an ill favoured Lord - - - - -	87
Women - - - - -	88
Adieu L'Amour - - - - -	ib.
Sent to Clarinda, with a Novel - - - -	89

CONTENTS.

	Page
Written on a Window in the Tower where Sir R. Walpole had been confined - - -	89
EPISTLES.	
To the Earl of Peterborough - - - - -	90
To the King - - - - -	93
To the King - - - - -	94
To the King - - - - -	ib.
To Mr. Waller, in answer to Mr. Waller's verses to the Author - - - - -	95.
To Mira - - - - -	96
To Mira Loving at First Sight - - - - -	97
To Mira - - - - -	98
To Mira - - - - -	99
To Mira - - - - -	100
To Mira - - - - -	101
To Mira - - - - -	102
To Mira - - - - -	103
To Mira - - - - -	104
To Flavia, written on her Garden - - - -	ib.
To Flavia, her Garden having escaped a Flood - - - - -	105
To Daphne - - - - -	106
To Mrs. Granville, afterwards Lady Con- way - - - - -	ib.
To the Countess of Newbrough, insisting earnestly to be told who I meant by Mira - - - - -	107

CONTENTS.

	Page
To Mrs. Higgs - - - - -	108
To Mr. John Dryden - - - - -	119
To Charles Lord Lansdown - - - - -	114
To Dr. Garth - - - - -	115
To Mrs. Afra Behn - - - - -	ib.

SONGS.

Thyrsis and Delia - - - - -	117
Song - - - - -	118
To Mira - - - - -	119
To Mira - - - - -	ib.
To Mira - - - - -	120
To Mira - - - - -	ib.
Song - - - - -	121
Song - - - - -	122
To Clariinda - - - - -	ib.
To the Same - - - - -	123
Drinking Song - - - - -	ib.

PROLOGUES.

Prologue to the <i>She-Gallants</i> - - - - -	125
——— to the <i>British Enchanters</i> - - -	126
——— to the <i>Generous Conqueror</i> - -	127

EPILOGUES.

Epilogue to the <i>She Gallants</i> - - - - -	129
——— to the <i>Jew of Venice</i> - - - - -	130
——— designed for the <i>British Enchan-</i> <i>ters</i> - - - - -	131

CONTENTS.

IMITATIONS.

	Page
The Enchantment - - - - -	133
Imitations of the Second Chorus in the Second Act of Seneca's Thyestes - - -	140

DRAMATIC POEMS.

Peleus and Thetis, a Mask - - - - -	143
The British Enchanters - - - - -	151